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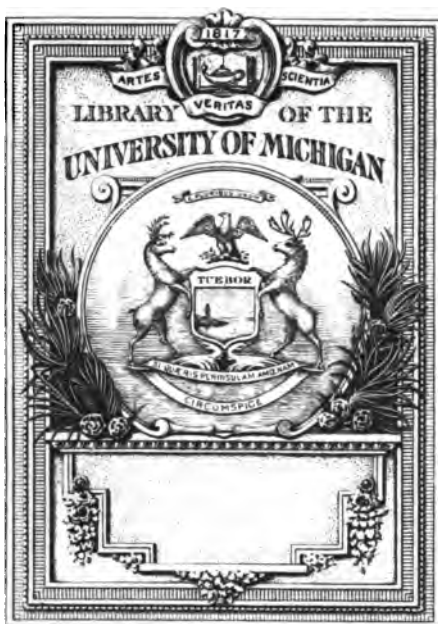
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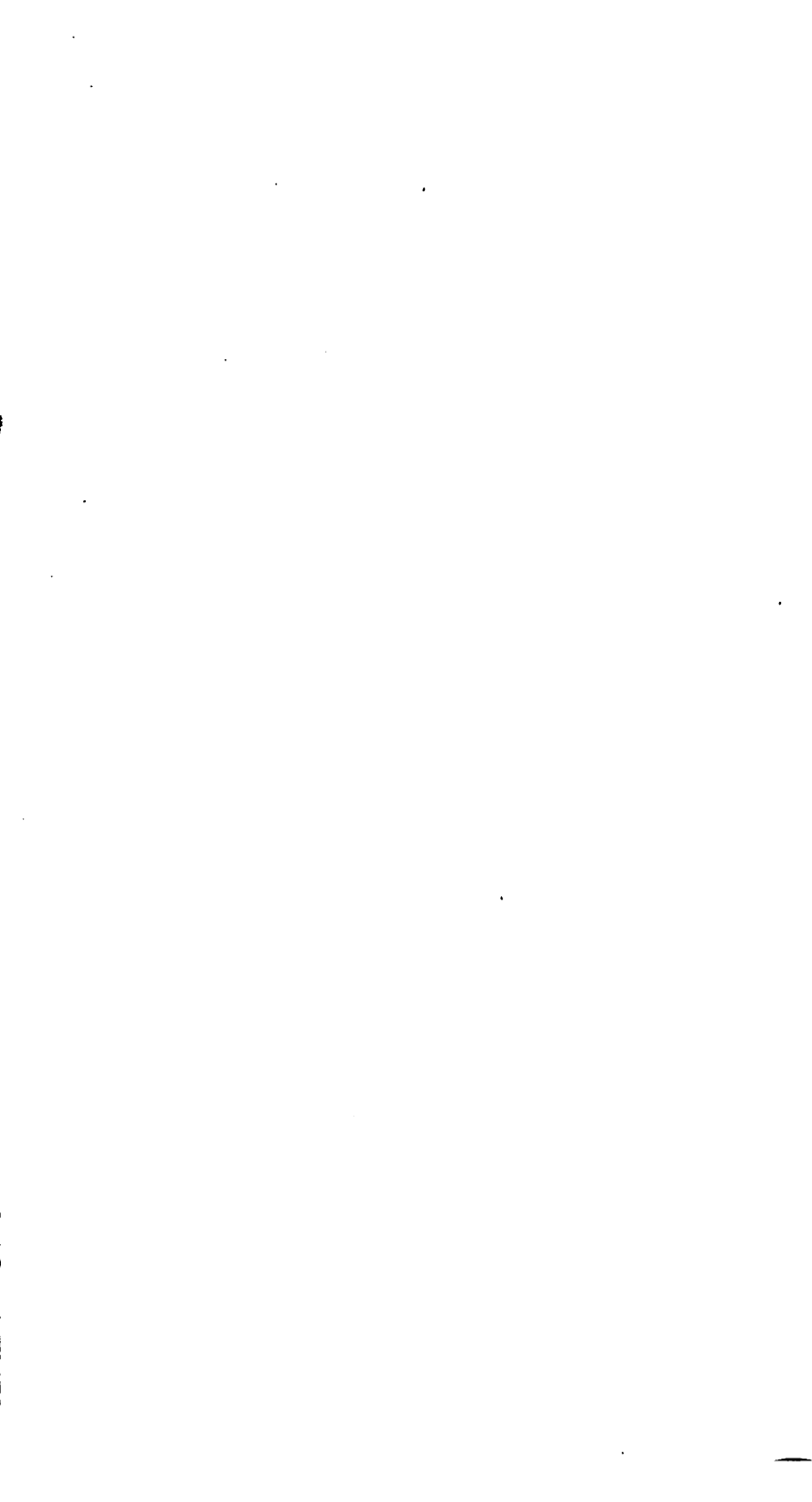
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POEMS

OF

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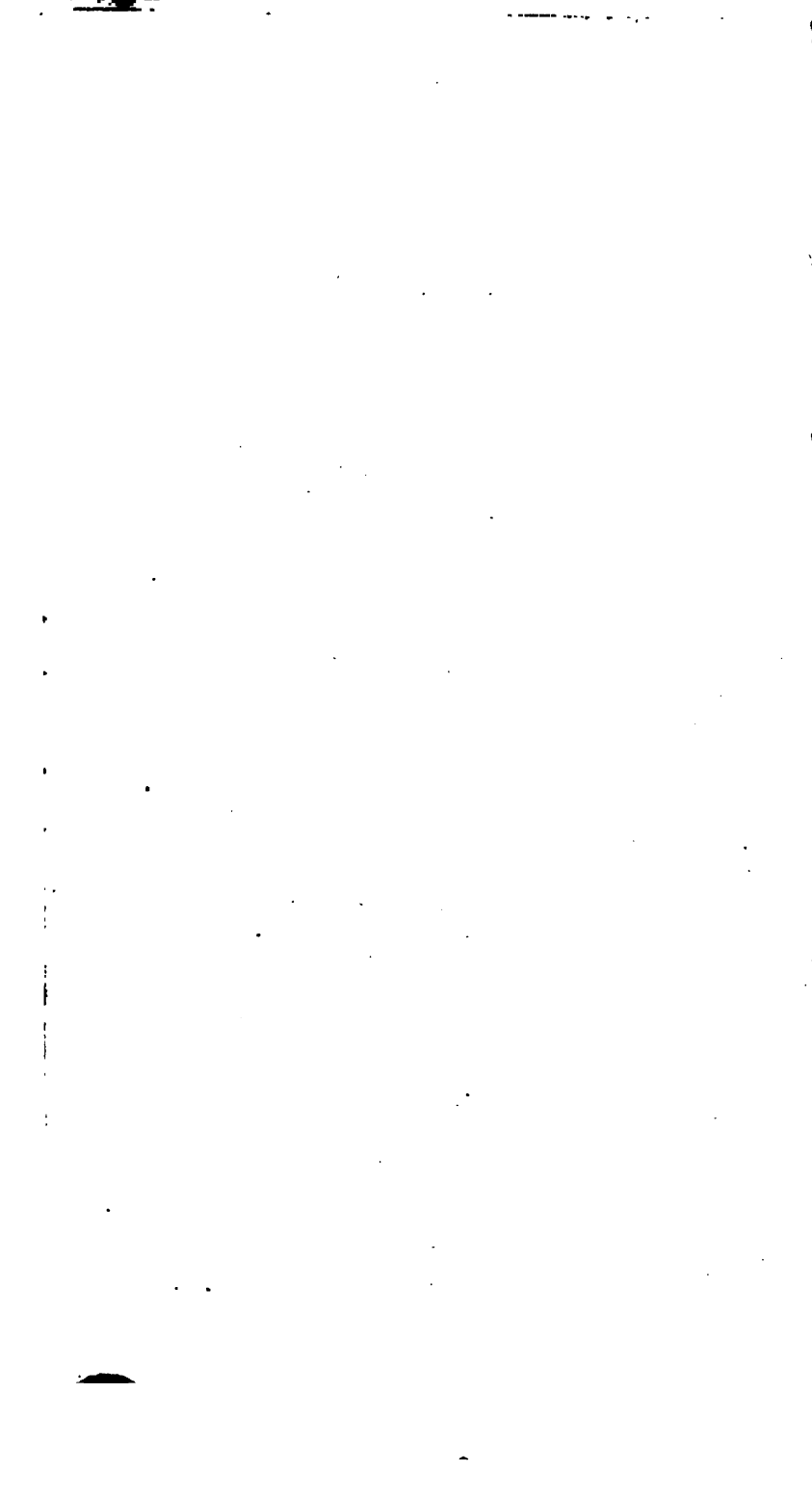
*Boston Bard*



*"This is my own, my native land."*

**PUBLISHED**

**1826.**





*Byline, Robert Stevenson*

*Chas Taylor Dec 10/60*

**ORIENTAL HARP.**

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**POEMS**

OF THE

**BOSTON BARD.**

---

"This is my own, my native land."

---

PROVIDENCE, R. I.

PRINTED AND PUBLISHED BY SMITH & PARMENTER,  
Agents for the sale of the Oriental Harp.

.....  
1826.

*Southern District of New-York, ss.*

BE IT REMEMBERED, That on the 8th day of April, A. D. 1826, in the 50th year of the Independence of the United States of America, Robert S. Coffin, of the said District, deposited in this Office the title of a Book, the right whereof he claims as author, in the following words, to wit:

Oriental Harp, Poems of the Boston Bard: "This is my own my native land."

In conformity to the Act of Congress of the United States, entitled "An Act for the encouragement of learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the time therein mentioned." And also to an Act entitled "An Act, supplementary to an Act, entitled an Act for the encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned, and extending the benefits thereof to the arts of designing, engraving, and etching, historical and other prints."

JAMES DILL,

Clerk of the Southern District of New-York.

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**R. WAITE, JUN. ESQ.**

**NEW-YORK.**

The respect due to your private worth ; your general benevolence to suffering humanity ; and the gratitude I owe you for repeated, and long-continued acts of kindness and generosity, induces me to inscribe to you the following poetical productions.—Hoping that you may be pleased with the work, and wishing you a prolongation of the prosperity and happiness you enjoy,

I am, sir,

Yours, &c.

**ROBERT S. COFFIN.**



## M. MANUEL NOAH, ESQUIRE.

SIR—In presenting the following poems to my countrymen, it becomes a duty to make known the *first cause* by which I have been enabled to accomplish my object: for your influence and exertions, sir, in my behalf, I stand your debtor, not only for the means of attaining the publication of this, my present work, but even for life itself. The money I have received from all sources, amounts to about \$350: a general acknowledgement of gratitude must suffice for the present.—MR. ABRAHAM I. UNDERHILL, Yorktown, West-Chester County, New-York, of the Society of Friends, and his family, will accept my warmest thanks as well as the eternal gratitude of my mother and sister, for their disinterested and unwearied attention to me during more than four of the inclement months of autumn and winter; if the principles of FRIENDS prevailed in their purity, over the civilized world, men might call themselves christians with a great deal more truth than they at present do: hereafter, I will grasp the hand of the JEW, of the MAHOMETAN, and the HINDO—they are my brothers.—With gratitude,

and respect,

I am, Sir,

Yours, &c.

ROBERT S. COFFIN.



---

**ORIENTAL HARP.**

---





# ORIENTAL WAR.

---

## NEW ENGLAND.

"With all thy faults I love thee still."

Eight years have elapsed, and the poet's foot hath not pressed its native soil. *Eight* years—but where are they? Mingled with the flood of ages past, they swell the boundless sea of time, and disappear for ever!—*Eight* years!—How rapid is the tide of human life; how speedy the transition from good to evil—from hope to despair!—*Despair*—nay, I repent me that I have written the word; it is impious—and its sound is ungrateful to the ear of Omnipotence.—If my eyes have seen evil, have they not also beheld good? If the frost of unkindness hath chilled my heart, hath not the warm welcome of disinterested friendship raised from the dust my drooping spirit? If my fondest affections have been crushed in the bud, is there not yet left one bosom where love will dwell forever? There is—and the consciousness of this truth, shall prompt my soul to redoubled exertions to promote its happiness. My road hath been rugged, and my burden heavy; clouds and darkness, aye, thick darkness, have enveloped my path, and storms have howled around me; but faith has dispersed, and fortitude subdued them.—There is nothing

better for the soul's health, than that we should taste the cup of bitterness in our youth; by this we are enabled to divest ourselves of unfeeling pride toward our fellow men, and to sympathize in and relieve their distresses; by this we also gradually obtain strength to support whatever calamities may befall us in later life, and our unruly passions are taught subjection.

Eight years ago, New-England, I bade adieu to thee and thine, yet have I not forgotten thee; thy hills, thy plains and fertile vales are ever present to my imagination, and my heart dilates with joy at thy prosperity.—I have sometimes, in melancholy moments, attempted to express my feelings and sentiments in rhyme.

It is possible the following verses may meet the eye of some friend of former days, and awaken happy recollections.

LAND of my birth, how sadly dear  
Is every thought of thee,  
When memory brings thy features near,  
And hails thee great and free:  
How sadly sweet, amidst the gloom  
Of penury and despair,  
To greet thee in thy beauty's bloom,  
And in thy glory share.

Land of my birth, thou dost not know  
How oft my spirit flies,  
Above contending storms of wo,  
To thy congenial skies;  
Thou dost not know the pangs that swell  
This wounded, bleeding breast,  
Where sorrow knolls of joy the knell,  
And hope is misery's jest.

Land of my birth how oft hast thou  
Amidst my darkness shone,  
*A star on desolation's brow—*  
*All glorious, and alone:*  
How oft in dreams of fitful sleep,  
Do I thy shores behold,  
And wake to feelings sad and deep,  
That *cannot* be controlled.

Land of my birth, the minstrel's sun  
Declines with rapid pace;  
The gloaming shadows, drear and dun,  
Close silent o'er his place;  
Yet grant, Eternal Spirit just!  
When death demands his prey,  
This form may mix with kindred dust,  
And cleave to kindred clay.

---

**"WHAT IS MY RELIGION?"**

'Tis not alone in temples built  
By weak and erring man—  
Oft founded on the gold of guilt,  
That *thus* would shun the ban.

'Tis not alone in ancient lore,  
In pages of the dead—  
Of those than us who knew no more,  
Who the same volume read.

But 'tis to view, through nature's range,  
Unerring wisdom's plan;  
To know JEHOVAH cannot change—  
That mercy's promised man.

It is in His vast temple wide,  
 In HEART, to kneel each hour;  
 To bless His goodness—and confide  
 In love that limits power.

---

WINTER.

Hark! 'tis the requiem of the closing year—  
 The hollow blast of autumn's reign has sped;  
 Loud howls the tempest to the startled ear,  
 Deep moans the blast o'er summer's beauty fled!

'Tis winter—yet I wake the joyous strain;  
 I love to gaze upon that rugged brow,  
 When 'neath its frown the slow descending rain  
 Congealing, glitters on those locks of snow.

I love to view that stern, unaltered eye—  
 I love to grasp that cold and pallid hand;  
 To hear th' embattled whirlwinds of the sky,  
 When winter waves the sceptre of command.

Winter, thou comest not with a villain's smile—  
 Unseen thou bringest no keen envenomed dart;  
 Thy cold and bloodless lips are free from guile—  
 Thy frozen bosom shrouds a candid heart!

---

MR. CARTWRIGHT.

A late New-York Journal contains an obituary notice of Mr. JOHN CARTWRIGHT, well known as a most excellent performer on Musical Glasses, invented and tuned by himself. Mr. C. was an Englishman; he had been in this country about six years, during which time he visited most of our large towns and cities, delighting

large and respectable audiences by the exquisite melody of the Glasses, and a beautiful display of splendid Philosophical Fireworks, also of his own invention, as rich and various as the mutable pictures presented by the Kaleidoscope. A nobler heart than his never beat—a firmer spirit never fled the bosom of mortality: the writer was intimate with him, and speaks from a thorough knowledge of his character. The first two stanzas following were composed, extempore, on hearing the witching sounds produced by his skill, at a Concert given at Philadelphia, in the year 1819; the last verse has been added since his decease.

So soft the heavenly strain arose,  
The notes of each responsive close  
Did seem the whispering voices dear  
Of beings in a brighter sphere;  
Each note a zephyr seemed to be,  
Mild breathing o'er a waveless sea—  
Wafting the raptured soul along  
On wings of unembodied song.

Oh, may those sounds so soft, so dear,  
Again a breathless audience cheer;  
Again enchant the minstrel's soul,  
And bid it spurn earth's base control;  
Again the fair one's bosom swell,  
Till spirit bids to earth farewell,  
And, floating with the notes that rise,  
A moment hail its native skies.

\* \* \* \* \*

Alas! Those strains no more shall rise,  
From earth's dull orb to greet the skies.  
The hoary minstrel's lay is done—  
His heaven-ward journey now begun ;

May mercy mild her pinions lend,  
And waft to bliss the poet's friend;  
For be it known where billows roll,  
His bosom shrined a noble soul.

---

### THE STAR OVER THE HAMLET.

I saw a star:—'twas o'er the cot  
Where those who worshipped dwelt;  
'Twas bright, and lingered o'er the spot,  
As it their woes had felt,  
Who smiled e'en on that barren soil  
That scarce repaid their utmost toil.

Bright orb, I know not what thou art,  
But I have talked with thee  
In secret—when the weary heart  
From pain awhile is free;  
When silence reigns the earth around,  
And nature rests in sleep profound.

And thou hast said—"Go, tell the poor,  
My light to them is given  
To guide them from a desert shore,  
Whereon their bark has driven;  
And point them to a world of peace,  
Where sorrows die, and troubles cease."

So sang the star.—Rejoice, ye meek,  
Upon your cot it shone;  
Look up—it hath a tongue to speak,  
E'en from JEHOVAH's throne;  
No cloud its blessed light can mar—  
It is religion's holy star.

**HUDSON, N. Y.**

"For him have I offended."—BRUTUS.

Who would not dwell where fertile vales  
 And blooming fields are smiling;  
 Where Hudson shows her thousand sails,  
 The heart of care beguiling?  
 Who does not greet the balmy breeze,  
 Just from the hills descended,  
 Re-loading from the budding trees?  
 "For him have I offended."

Who does not love, at early dawn,  
 When birds their flight are winging,  
 To trip it lightly o'er the lawn,  
 Where flowers to life are springing?  
 Who would not dwell where rosy health  
 With virtue's smile is blended;  
 Where man enjoys his honest wealth?  
 "For him have I offended."

Who would not dwell where beauty's bloom  
 Remains till death unfaded;  
 Where looks of love those paths illumine,  
 That sorrow once has shaded?  
 Who would not dwell where worth oppress  
 By virtue's e'er befriended,  
 Where honest prayers the spot hath blest?  
 "For him have I offended."

Who would not dwell where nature grants  
 Each rich and varied blessing;  
 Supplying all man's real wants—  
 Nor luxuries suppressing?  
 Who would not then in Hudson dwell,  
 Where all these joys are blended?

Fly, muse, and plain such blockheads tell,  
"For them have I offended."

---

**SACRED**

To the memory of Mrs. MARY ANDERSON, mother of A. MING, senior, of New York, who departed this life on Thursday, 19th September, 1822, in the 79th year of her age,

She fell, as falls the blighted tree,  
When autumn's floods descend;  
Whose roots from earthly holds set free,  
Support no longer lend.

Yet not to earth she rudely fell;  
But like the withered leaf,  
She looked each verdant branch farewell—  
And left them to their grief.

Beneath her shade the lesser plants  
To manly beauty grew;  
The fruits of love supplied their wants—  
Embalmed in pity's dew.

Her healing leaves, with gentle hand,  
On wounded hearts were spread;  
And mercy from her branches' bland  
To sorrow's succour fled.

Mid'st storms that shook e'en freedom's base,  
In war's relentless rage,  
She gave protection to her race—  
In childhood—manhood—age.

And he, misfortune's hapless child,  
Whose strain is poured for thee—  
A wanderer on this desert wild,  
From sorrow never free;



Will ne'er forget, in weal or wo,  
 Whatever course he steer,  
 The debt he owes, and still must owe,  
 Of gratitude sincere.

THE GALLIC STAR.

A star is climbing Europe's sky ;  
 A star, whose radiance bright  
 Is hailed by every patriot's eye—  
 A diadem of light.

In vain opposing clouds contend ;  
 Its progress is begun ;  
 The orb that's set, its beams shall lend,  
 And make this star a SUN !

O'er humbled France—the blood-hounds prey !  
 O'er Helen's Isle of gloom,  
 Glorious it marches on its way,  
 And gilds Napoleon's tomb.

And thou who gavest this planet birth,  
 Proud Austria's beauteous moon !  
 Bless with thy light the spot of earth  
 That hails thy offspring's noon.

Teach it to climb the solar height,  
 Attain the farthest goal—  
 Quench with its beams each baleful light,  
 And shine from pole to pole.

Then, wo to ye ! ye meteors dire,  
 Who Gallia's peace would mar ;  
 In your own flames shall ye expire,  
 Lit, lit by Gallia's star.

## STANZAS.

What, sigh for BEAUTY ?—'Tis a veil  
 A sorrowing soul to shroud—  
 To hide the pains that love assail,  
 Beneath a sun-tipt cloud.

What, sigh for BEAUTY ?—'Tis as brief  
 As gems that deck the rose ;  
 A canker 'neath its velvet leaf  
 Preys on a heart of woes.

What, sigh for BEAUTY ?—Lo, a breath  
 Can sweep its bloom away ;  
 A moment, and it lies in death—  
 Pale, bloodless, senseless clay :

But seek for VIRTUE :—'Tis a ray  
 To cheer life's pilgrim given—  
 Follow ;—thou canst not go astray  
 By that which 'lumines HEAVEN.

---

 THE HIGHLAND PIPER.

Founded on truth.

A Highland laddie, in the pride  
 Of youthful blood, has said  
 That he the billows' rage will 'bide,  
 Columbia's shore to tread ;  
 And he has poured the parting glass,  
 And heard the kirk's last bell,  
 And bade to bonny lad and lass  
 A long and sad farewell.

And now upon the stormy sea  
 The adventurous youth is tost ;

And proud Benlomond to his e'e  
    'Midst gloaming clouds is lost !  
Adieu, to dear domestic bliss,  
    To heather, lake and hill ;  
Adieu, the fond maternal kiss,  
    And love's, yet sweeter still,

Upon the soil by freedom blest,  
    For honest wealth and fame  
He gives his hand no needless rest,  
    Nor thinks his labor shame ;  
Time hurries on with swift career ;  
    He hails a fortune fine,  
And memory holds the picture near  
    Of joys he left lang syne.

But what is man ! The frailest flower  
    Is not more frail than he ;  
How sinks beneath misfortune's power  
    His pride, his majesty !  
The hand of sorrow and of age  
    Has marked the stranger's brow ;  
Yet firmly still he treads life's stage,  
    Though GRANT'S a Piper now.

Yet never will that noble heart,  
    That Highland spirit break :  
The pillars which support THAT part  
    No earthly power can shake ;  
That eye, undaunted, still can gaze  
    Upon the wreck of wealth ;  
For, O, that orb refracts the rays  
    That show a soul in health !

Farewell ! may welcome ever meet  
    The Piper on his way ;

And hope, with sunbeams warm and sweet,  
 Still bid his heart be gay ;  
 And when the shaft of fate has flown  
 And pierced his generous breast,  
 May mercy, bending from her throne,  
 Receive him to her rest,

---

**TO MY FRIEND, W. H. P. ESQ.**

Of Newburyport, Massachusetts.

Thou knowest that I but ill can brook  
 The insults of the proud ;  
 Thou knowest I cannot bear a look  
 Of pity from the crowd.

Thou knowest that I can deeply feel,  
 Though never tamely bend ;  
 Thou knowest my breast the ruffian's steel  
 Should pierce, to save a friend.

I like the trodden path 'to fame,  
 That Burns' and Goldsmith trod ;  
 To gild with glory's light my name,  
 Yet reverence still my God.

Despising e'er the spirit base,  
 Though in an angel's form ;  
 Nor courting fortune's smiling face,  
 Nor shrinking 'midst her storm.

In youth I saw the rugged road  
 That poesy's child must tread ;  
 And *sane*, I took misfortune's load,  
 And bared to heaven my head.

To turn the current now of fate.

'Tis useless to begin :

Though few the years from childhood's date,

Yet evil have they been.

I must go on.—The charm is strong—

Its hold I cannot break,

Though sadness lives in every song

The muse may chance to wake.

---

ODE,

Written for the Anniversary of St. John's Eve, at Peekskill, N. Y.

When from his bright and blissful home

Our parent frail was hurled,

A mournful exile, doomed to roam

Along a rugged world,—

'Twas the Eternal's fixt decree,

And thus the order ran—

That man should in a measure be

Dependent upon man.

Yet man, alas ! still frailer grown,

His days in discord flew ;

To heaven arose his victim's moan,

And man his fellow slew ;

His passions, furious, raged at will ;

Unbridled in his wrath,

Hate, envy, lust, his bosom fill,

And rapine marks his path.

But, lo ! amidst his dark career,

The light intensely pours ;

The fiends of discord disappear,

And man its source adores ;

Th' uplifted hand to murder prone,  
Falls bloodless at his side,  
For mercy now rebuilds her throne  
On reason's empire wide.

Soft on his heart the genial beams  
Like balmy dews descend ;  
He wakes from superstition's dreams,  
And misery finds a friend ;  
His bounteous hand to penury  
Extended open lies ;  
The fabric firm of Masonry  
Is founded in the skies.

Blest source of every social tie !  
Born in the distant East,  
Whose brightest jewel's CHARITY,  
Though Faith nor hope's the least ;  
Thy influence o'er the cheerless gloom  
Of zeal mistaken pour ;  
The Bigot's darkened soul illumine,  
Till folly's reign is o'er.

And on that verdant spot of earth,  
Where flowers spontaneous rise—  
Where strength and beauty burst to birth,  
But wisdom pines and dies ;  
Pour thy broad blaze of quenchless light,  
Illuminate that fated shore,  
So deeply plunged in cheerless night  
And dyed in guilt and gore.

And thou, detested FERDINAND !  
Thou hated of mankind,

Protector of a bigot band,  
Thou blot upon the mind !  
RIEGO's blood a voice hath found,  
And thunders forth thy fate ;  
And Spain shall yet obey the sound,  
And thou shalt hear—*too late*.

Accept, ye chosen, feeling few,  
The song the minstrel pours ;  
Tho' rude the flowers his muse may strew,  
The hand and heart are yours ;  
And whereso'er his feet may roam,  
O'er trackless waste or wave,  
Remembrance of your love shall warm,  
And gently slope the grave.

---

SPRING.

Stern winter's past : his reign is o'er,  
And nature smiles serene ;  
The violet peeps from birchen bower,  
To hail the beauteous scene ;  
The billows gently kiss the shore  
The streamlet freely flows ;  
The tempest's roar is heard no more,  
To break Spring's deep repose.

The lily, robed in snowy vest,  
Perfumes the desert air :  
The rose, late chilled on winter's breast,  
Revives to deck the fair ;  
The dew-drops dance on every spray,  
And gem the fragrant lawn.  
While warblers gay, renew their lay,  
And hail the rosy dawn.

Good-natured Spring ! thy glad return  
 I hail with joy sincere ;  
 Thy beams are sweet to those who mourn,  
 Thy smiles to misery dear ;  
 Yes, gentle Spring, thou canst beguile  
 The sorrows of the breast ;  
 Then stay awhile and with thy smile,  
 Lull sorrow's soul to rest.

And haste thee on, thou heavenly Spring,  
 Of beauty's wasted form ;  
 O haste, and back the roses bring  
 To him who feasts the worm ;  
 Soon may thy beams with lustre bright,  
 The death-dim'd eye relume ;  
 And bid from night awake to light,  
 The tenant of the tomb.

---

#### THE HALF-MAST FLAG.

Why, Freedom, floats thy starry sheet  
 Midway its wonted height ?  
 Why soars it not the heavens to greet—  
 To wave in worlds of light ?  
 Why courts it the attained breath  
 That earth's foul breast exhales ?  
 Why droops it, like the pall of death,  
 'Midst summer's softest gales ?

That flag is floating o'er the wreck  
 Of the frail barque of life ;  
 O'er one who fearless trod its deck,  
 In sunshine, storm, and strife :  
 O'er one whose heart was valor's throne,  
 Whose breast was mercy's seat ;



Who steered by honor's chart alone,  
Through all life's various fleet.

On error's shoals, perchance, he oft  
Unconsciously would steer ;  
Yet mercy whispers from aloft,  
" I keep no reckoning here !"  
And charity—the cherub kind,  
First, fairest child of heaven,  
For ocean's son a birth shall find ;  
Proclaim his faults forgiven.

Pilgrim of ocean, fare thee well !  
The harbour thou hast found  
Knows not the angry surges' swell,  
That break life's shores around :  
And in that quiet haven moored,  
Safe lie the mortal wreck ;  
Till He, who all thy hopes insured,  
Thy spirit calls on deck.

---

### THE "VILLAIN, MAN."

I'd rather breast the boiling deep,  
Amidst its wildest rage ;  
I'd rather with the tiger sleep,  
His nature fierce engage ;  
Nay, rather with the monsters rest  
Which roam the stormy main,  
Than place in man's obdurate breast  
My confidence again.

On beetling cliffs 'tis safer far  
To rest the weary head,

When shines in heaven no cheering star,  
 And even hope is fled;  
 Than on a mass of living dust  
 The bosom's peace to lay,  
 And wake to find the bubble burst,  
 And melt in air away.

The Arab on his burning plain,  
 Unsheltered and alone;  
 The shipwrecked pilgrim of the main,  
 Beneath the frozen zone,  
 Hath juster cause of joy than he,  
 Who, unsuspecting guile,  
 His peace entrusts, O man, to thee,  
 And courts thy villain smile.

---

#### TO MY MUSE.

"At thirty, wise—or never."

Well muse, but few short years have we  
 To wisdom learn—or never;  
 If not, indeed then thou and me  
 Are two poor fools forever.

Now do thy best: for brief's the space  
 As dew on floweret gleaming;  
 Short, short the hours allowed for grace:  
 Thou hast no time for dreaming.

Halt, halt thou in thy mad career,  
 And up the hill be straining;  
 Devoid of every doubt and fear,  
 Push on and cease complaining.

The fadeless wreath of well-earned fame  
 Is surely worth the winning;

Be virtue still thy end and aim,  
As 'twas in the beginning.

Though critics spurn thy humble lay,  
Remember, Time's the tester,  
Each dog will surely have his day:  
At large the world's no jester.

Be not religious over-much,  
But act as conscience orders;  
On neighbour's frailties never touch,  
Nor covenant with marauders.

No more to love awake the strain,  
'Tis folly all, and idle;  
It wrecks the heart, destroys the brain;  
The tongue can no man bridle.

Refrain thou not—yet drink not deep;  
The dregs contain the adder;  
And Ida's mount is high and steep,  
And crowded is the ladder.

Now, muse, let's try with main and might;  
Let's both from folly sever;  
For rapid now must be thy flight  
To wisdom's fount—or never.

And let the wondering world proclaim,  
And to its offspring show it,  
To thy and my eternal fame,  
“At thirty, wise”—a Poet.

## THE BLIGHTED FLOWER.

—————"The spoiler came."

There bloomed a little lovely flower,  
And in the wild it grew;  
'Twas born in summer's sweetest hour,  
And round its rude, secluded bower,  
A blessed fragrance threw.

Chill autumn came with frown severe,  
And swept the verdant spot;  
The tree was stript, the leaf was sear,  
Yet 'midst the waste so sad and drear,  
The floweret perished not.

Stern winter now his mantle white  
O'er autumn's ravage threw;  
Cold was the day and drear the night,  
And yet the floweret felt no blight,  
But beauteous still it grew,

A being of angelic form,  
All heavenly to behold,  
Espied—and from the wintry storm,  
The floweret in his mansion warm,  
He shielded from the cold.

Awhile it shed a fragrance round,  
Till all its sweets were fled;  
Then, like a weed, 'twas drooping found,  
Neglected—trodden to the ground—  
Pale—withered—blighted—dead !

Oh, would'st thou know that being's name—  
The mansion, and its guest?  
MAN, MAN!—to thy eternal shame,  
Thou and that being are the same—

WOMAN, the floweret doomed to shame,  
The mansion curst, thy breast!

---

**"THE SHIP OF HEAVEN."**

An Allegory.

Lo, how the soul—the ship of Heaven,  
First launches on the tide!  
By gentlest breezes onward driven,  
She moves with fearless pride:  
Down the smooth stream she careless sails,  
And freighted deep with joy;  
Ahead she hears no stormy gales,  
No tempest to annoy.

Now huge and dark the waves appear,  
And manhood's port is passed;  
The billows their proud heads uprear,  
And hoarsely howls the blast:  
And louder still the surges roar,  
They double now their rage;  
High o'er her decks the tall waves soar,  
She's on the sea of AGE!

Thou shalt not see heaven's ship again!  
Thy gaze she proudly spurns:  
Look—is she on life's stormy main?  
She's gone—she ne'er returns!  
To light her way, one star alone  
Still shines with steady flame;  
The brightest star round heaven's bright throne,  
RELIGION is its name.

## TO ELLA.

ELLA, thy harp, when ALBERT sung,  
And this is Albert's lay,  
Erst cheered the heart by sorrow wrung,  
And chased despair away;  
And wilt thou not the strain renew,  
When winter's passed away;  
When spring returns sweet flowers to strew,  
And nature all is gay?

When fragrant zephyrs gently wave  
The violet's modest head,  
And sigh a requiem o'er the grave  
Of the unconscious dead—  
UNCONSCIOUS! Oh, how calm they rest,  
Who, in their narrow bed,  
No more by earthly ills oppress,  
Heed not the living tread!

Wilt thou not, ELLA, then to me  
Thy soothing song address;  
Awake the voice of minstrelsy,  
The lonely heart to bless?  
Wilt thou not sing the Home of Peace,  
Where woes no more oppress;  
Where earthly pains and sorrows cease,  
Where never comes distress?

Wilt thou not sing that quiet shore;  
Beyond the dreary tomb,  
Where man shall mourn his woes no more,  
Where flowers immortal bloom?  
Where the bright sun of truth shall rise,  
His darkness to illumine,

And mercy wipe the sorrower's eyes,  
And whisper, "There is room!"

Thou wilt—I know thy generous heart  
Will ne'er the boon deny,  
That can to sorrow's child impart  
A balm for misery;  
Then haste, good-natured spring, Oh, haste—  
Swift, and yet swifter fly,  
With flowers to deck the frozen waste,  
And glad the cheerless eye.

#### THE CANTELOPE.

An imitable parody of the "Water Melon."

'Twas night, and the watchmen reposed on the  
ground,

Just above where our supper was spread.  
Peach brandy and whiskey meandered around  
And the cobwebs hung high over head.  
Miss SAMBO, the queen of our rustical *snack*,  
With looks rather dark than auspicious,  
Had rendered our cellar as Erebus, black—  
But her breath, oh, her breath, was delicious.

A CANTELOPE soft, and unsound to the core,  
Miss SAMBO politely had brought,  
I smelt it—then hastened away to the door—  
"How just like her kisses," I thought!  
And I said, as my eye wandered back on the scene;  
"How vain are the hopes of the vicious!  
Had I waited 'till morn, undisturbed by the spleen,  
I had bought one in market delicious."

In the rind, that once covered its buff juicy core,  
Miss SAMBO her picture may view,  
For her face, like this rind, is speckled all o'er  
With spots of an ebony hue!  
But if she is wise to reject with disdain  
Peach brandy and whiskey, pernicious,  
From the CANTELOPE's fate she may still keep her  
brain,  
And her kisses be ever delicious."

---

**IRELAND.**

Written during its severe distresses.

Sweet isle of the ocean, how wretched thou art!  
How deep in the vortex of wo;  
How galling the chain that entwineth thy heart,  
How mortal the shaft of the foe!

The pittance oppression had left to thy share,  
The pittance from tyranny's spoil,  
Now falls from thy lips, and the fiend of despair  
His signet hath set on thy soil.

The sinews of labour are shrivelled and shrunk,  
The arm of the parent is weak;  
But the cup of stern madness he deeply hath drunk;  
Oh, the vengeance, such madness could wreak!

Oh God! that the greenest and sweetest of isles  
Which thou in thy wisdom hast made,  
Where all save its offspring are radiant with smiles,  
Should thus from its glory degrade.

Oh, would that the spirit of freedom might wake;  
From the bosom of ocean arise;



Nerve the arm of her sons from their thralldom to  
break;  
And burst the proud usurper's ties.

Unblest be that spirit, where'er it is found,  
And withered the cowardly heart,  
That refuses for Erin to bind up the wound,  
And a balm to her sorrows impart.

Yet, Erin, thy sons on the land of the free,  
Shall find in each freeman a friend;  
The EAGLE that stretches his wings o'er the sea,  
O'er thee shall his pinions extend.

In vain the chafed Lion in vengeance may roar,  
In vain may he vault from his lair;  
Should his feet even press but the sands of our  
shore,  
The grave of his glory is there.

---

A BALLAD.

THEME.

Hilaid to heaven-born Charity  
Old Hulin had denied;  
She had no boat to brave the sea,  
Nor strength to stem the tide.

Take this dear girl!—Remember me;  
Dear Mary we must sever;  
Again I tempt the raging sea,  
We part—perhaps for ever!

The sails are loos'd—the anchor weighed,  
The breeze is fairly blowing;  
Keep this—again the sea-boy said,  
Though scarcely worth bestowing.

The tear is in her mild blue eye,  
Her bosom high is heaving;  
“Whate’er it be that comes from thee,  
To Mary’s worth receiving.”

Eight moons have shed their paly light  
Upon the dark blue water;  
Oh, where is he whose heart and hand  
Are pledged to Hulin’s daughter?

Relentless howls the angry blast,  
Each wave its strength renewing;  
A Ship!—A Ship!—The billow breaks—  
The strand her spars are strewing!

Another!—and a wreck she sinks  
Beneath the deep forever!  
The briny wave the seaman drinks—  
His home he reaches never.

But, lo! one gallant, manly form,  
Floats safely o’er the water;  
His daring soul defies the storm—  
Behold him, Hulin’s daughter!

’Tis him—’tis him!—The shore he gains,  
And, mark him, humbly kneeling;  
A portrait to his breast he strains,  
Begemmed with pearls of feeling.

What though his soul defied the storm,  
And braved the roaring water,  
Yon orbs of heaven shall cease to roll,  
Ere he weds Hulin’s daughter.

Oh, Father, Father!—Silence, fool!  
Oh, father, see—another!

His head I mark above the surge—  
It is—it is my—BROTHER!

Good God!—my son!—A boat, a boat!  
To brave the stormy water:  
Fly, William, fly!—save him, and take  
The hand of Hulin's daughter.

In vain, alas! old Hulin's cry—  
Vain William's strong endeavor;  
Low at his feet poor Mary died—  
Son, lover, sank forever!

---

**EPITAPH—ANTICIPATED.**

Here sleep the bones, the hide and tallow,  
Of a mean good-for-nothing fellow;  
He never spoke except to lie,  
Nor dreamed of aught but villainy;  
His life bore testimony ample  
That he was Satan's truest sample:  
Thanks be to Satan, though he's black,  
For taking his cursed sample back!

---

**STANZAS,**

Written for a motto, to "BURNS' Tavern," in Philadelphia.

Lives there a son of Scotia's shore,  
So dead to Scotia's fame—  
So much a wretch—so meanly poor,  
Who dares to pass the friendly door  
That bears her Poet's name?

No—Scotia's sons can never pass  
The honoured name, so dear,

Of him whose lips ne'er pressed the glass,  
 Unless his COUNTRY and his lass  
 First drank affection's tear.

Come, ye who well his worth have weighed,  
 And ye who feel his flame;  
 Whose tears have oft the tribute paid  
 To "*MARY, dear departed shade;*"  
 Come, pledge his hallowed name.

Transplanted; still the Thistle fair  
 On Freedom's breast shall bloom;  
 Confided to COLUMBIA's care,  
 It cannot wither in despair,  
 But on COLUMBIA's tomb.

---

**"ONE GLASS MORE."**

Stay, mortal, stay! nor heedless thus  
 Thy sure destruction seal;  
 Within that cup there lurks a curse,  
 Which all who drink shall feel:  
 Disease and death, forever nigh,  
 Stand ready at the door,  
 And eager wait to hear the cry  
 Of give me "**ONE GLASS MORE!**"

Go view that prison's gloomy cells:  
 Their pallid tenants scan;  
 Gaze: gaze upon these earthly hells,  
 And ask whence they began;  
 Had these a tongue: Oh, man! thy cheek  
 The answer 'd crimson o'er;  
 Had these a tongue they 'd to thee speak,  
 And cry the "**ONE GLASS MORE!**"

Behold that wretched female form,  
 An outcast from her home,  
 Bleached in affliction's blighting storm,  
 And doomed in want to roam:  
 Behold her!—ask that prattler near  
 Why mother is so poor:  
 He'll whisper in thy startled ear,  
 'Twas FATHER'S "ONE GLASS MORE!"

Stay, mortal, stay, repent, return!  
 Reflect upon thy fate;  
 The poisonous draught indignant spurn,  
 Spurn, spurn it ere too late:  
 Oh, fly the alehouse's horrid din,  
 Nor linger at the door,  
 Lest thou, perchance, should sip again  
 The treacherous "ONE GLASS MORE!"

---

**TO A FEMALE BY THE NAME OF MOORE.**

Had I the gems that glittering shine  
 On Guinea's golden shore,  
 My heart would still in secret pine  
 Till it had something—**MORE.**

My troubled soul no pleasure knows,  
 My dream of bliss is o'er;  
 I sink oppressed with cares and woes:  
 I want that something—**MORE.**

Were all the isles from pole to pole  
 Now added to my store,  
 Still, still, my avaricious soul  
 Would ask a little—**MORE.**

Alas! I feel that nought below.  
 Contentment can restore,  
 Unless, in pity to my wo,  
 Heaven grant a little—MORE.

Oh, speed thee on, thou happy day,  
 When wishing shall be o'er;  
 When I can lift my eyes and say,  
 "I ask for nothing—MORE!"

---

**IMPROMPTU.**

On a recent incident at Washington.

Virtue distressed to Faith applied  
 For strength her woes to bear;  
 But Faith was weak, and turned aside  
 With an half-uttered prayer.

Hope o'er the sufferer bent awhile  
 With wan and doubtful look;  
 Shed the faint semblance of a smile.  
 And her departure took.

Virtue despaired; but CHARITY  
 In that dark hour appeared;  
 "Rise, sister, rise! Come dwell with me:  
 "Lo! see, my temple's reared!"

\* \* \* \* \*

Lady,\* there's not a harp in heaven  
 But chants its lay to thee;  
 To thee the immortal crown is given,  
 For thou art Charity.

\* Mrs. Adams, the amiable consort of His Excellency the President of the United States.

**IMPROMPTU.**

On hearing "Yankee Doodle" played with martial music, at midnight.

To arms, to arms! I waking cried!

To arms! the foe is nigh!

A crutch! a hatchet! shovel! spade!

On, death or victory.

Hark--hark! the drum! my soul's on fire!

Charge! charge upon the foe!

On--Warren! Putnam! Wayne! St. Clair!

Strike, strike! the tyrant low!

Your altars! firesides! sacred rights!

Your offspring! mothers! sires!

Your country! all for vengeance cry,

And fan the smothered fires.

My sword I grasped! the drum was still!

The fife-note died away,

Morn slowly walked along the lea,

And Sol proclaimed the day.

My soul was calm! the foe had fled;

My country still was free;

And to the God of battles, just,

I bent the willing knee.

---

**STANZAS,**

There is a sweet, sequestered spot,

And Oh, I love it dearly,

For 'on it stands a little cot,

Where some one singeth cheerly.

Sweet are the strains, and softly speak,

As zephyr gently blowing,

While o'er her warth and spotless cheek  
The dawn of beauty's glowing.

Sing on, dear girl—whoe'er thou art—  
Nor mourn thy lot though lowly,  
Since thou canst sooth the widowed heart  
With strains so sweet and holy.

---

On the marriage of Mr. CHAUNCEY BULKLEY, to Miss  
ELIZA PAINE.

I wish thee, BULKLEY, all the bliss  
That man on earth may gain:  
May pleasure dwell in every kiss,  
And rapture spring from PAINE.

And when thou diest, or soon or late,  
On land or on the main,  
Still may it be thy *happy* fate  
To dwell in heaven with PAINE.

---

#### A PORTRAIT.

He was a wanderer in life's early day,  
And loved o'er the thick-tangled wilds to stray:  
To roam each bleak and barren shore along,  
And curse the woodland warbler for his song:  
He loved in gloominess to muse alone,  
And hear the night-breeze thro' the tall oaks moan;  
To climb the cliff projecting o'er the deep,  
March on its brow, or on its summit sleep!  
What if the thunders growled around his head  
So loud, the forest's lords for shelter fled,  
To him, those thunders were as sweetly mild  
As strain of wind harp stealing through the wild,



When summer breathes so gently from the hill,  
You scarce can see a dimple on the rill.  
What if the lightnings flashed upon his sight,  
Fled o'er the wave and left a tenfold night;  
To him those lightnings never yielded fear;  
Afar he shunned them not, nor fled them near.  
All that was gloomy to another's eye,  
To his was cheerful though 'twas misery:  
Ask you his name? what being gave him birth?  
Suffice the answer—"he is of this earth."

---

**AN ANSWER TO AN INSULT.**

What! "leave my country!" leave my native land,  
The home of liberty, the exile's rest;  
Wake freedom's strain upon a foreign strand,  
My head to pillow on pollution's breast?

Can he who once on freedom's soil hath trod,  
Can he who once hath felt the oppressor's chain,  
Can he who never knelt but to his God,  
Breathe in the ear of slaves the flatterer's strain?

Can he who on Columbia's mountains rude  
First hailed of heaven-born liberty the light,  
E'er teach his faithful heart ingratitude,  
And freedom's blessings banish from his sight?

No.—Though in abject beggary I roam,  
Till heaven reclaim the boon of life it gave,  
Thou, thou my country, art alone my home,  
Thy fame my glory, and thy breast my grave.

## STANZAS.

Oh, never may a rival sip  
 The nectar of that balmy lip;  
 And never may that bosom be  
 The couch of shame and infamy.

May never eye, with wanton gaze,  
 Behold the beauties of thy face,  
 Nor e'er thy heart with sorrow swell  
 Save when thou biddest me *farewell!*

May never stranger-hand be pressed  
 Upon that pure, unsullied breast,  
 But may it prove to me alone  
 An ark of truth—the muses' throne.

So may'st thou live—so may'st thou die,  
 Example fair of constancy;  
 And to thy sex a pattern prove  
 Of all that's pure and chaste in love.

---

 EPITAPH.

Here lies, of jails, the tenant, twenty-one!  
 Beware, Oh Satan of thy elder son;  
 Guard well the portals of thy dark domain;  
 Come, come thyself, but send not B. again!

---

 THE MARINE BACHELOR.

I was a sailor, tempest-tossed,  
 Upon a troubled sea;  
 My rigging rent, my compass lost,  
 My cargo poverty;

Now on the shoals of folly driven,  
And now on quicksands hurled,  
No pilot, save the winds of heaven,  
No chart except the world.

A mutinous crew my vessel manned,  
Not one I dared to trust;  
Unknowing or to reef or hand,  
In vain I raved and cursed:  
If calm the sea, some mischief still  
They plotted while I slept;  
If stormy, they would have their will;  
If dark, no watch they kept.

Some thirty trips across the main  
My vessel now has made;  
Another she'd attempt again—  
But lo! the wind's ahead!  
In vain I strive to tack, and beat  
Down channel to the sea,  
My crew nor stir or tack or sheet,  
Though grog I hand them free.

Perplexed and worn, a friend I sought,  
A friend by tars revered.  
A barque with wholesome counsel fraught,  
A craft by reason steered:  
"How now, old Jack!" "Alas!" said I:  
"All, all aback, d'ye see;  
The devil o'er me keeps an eye,  
In port and on the sea."

"Cheer up, cheer up!" my friend replied:  
"I'll show you what to do:  
If one oar will not stem the tide,  
Why, then, my friend, take two;

The devils who your ship have manned  
 Your passions you may rate;  
 Suppose you try another hand,  
 To serve you as a—*mate*?"

A mate I took;—my anchor weighed:  
 The wind ahead still blew,  
 But ne'er a sail aback was laid,  
 My mate so ruled my crew;  
 No mutinous voice my peace assails,  
 My cabin's snug and warm;  
 No more I dread life's adverse gales,  
 Or fear a curtain-storm!

---

### SACRED

To the memory of Mr. SAMUEL JONES, Artist, late of BOSTON, Massachusetts, born in HAVERHILL, New-Hampshire, and died in the city of Philadelphia September 18, 1819.

Departed spirit! may a muse untaught  
 Attempt, in humble verse, to breathe thy name?  
 May one, who ne'er the veil of flattery wrought,  
 To other times transmit thy modest fame?

I know thy generous soul would not refuse  
 To hear the lay of gratitude from me,  
 Though ne'er so rude the anthem of the muse,  
 Though ne'er so harsh the voice of minstrelsy.

Oh, it was sweet unto my sorrowing soul,  
 When nature bade the rose put forth its head,  
 When spurning every earth-born, base controul,  
 I roamed with thee, and nature's volume read:

With thee I've climbed imagination's height,  
 With thee I've watched the darkly-rolling sea;

With thee have gazed upon those worlds of light  
Where now, unfettered, roves thy spirit free.

Our thoughts, our joys, our hearts, our souls were one,  
When e'er the spangled robe of night we viewed;  
Or when no star in heaven's blue concave shone,  
We paused to hear the spirit of the flood!

Yet this poor world—this dirty lump of earth,  
This barren spot—this desert, dark and drear,  
Could never, till it lost thee, see thy worth,  
Or say, when gazing on thee: "*Genius's here!*"

But death has freed thee from thy house of clay;  
Heaven—heaven alone thy genius knew to prize:  
It called thee from a thankless world away  
To paint the enchanting scenes of Paradise.

---

Rest thou on this bosom, dearest;  
Harm can never reach thee here;  
When the wind blows cold and drearest,  
Warm thee on this heart sincere.

Though the tempest rudely rageth,  
Peaceful still shall be thy rest:  
Though the sea with earth engageth,  
Thou'rt an ark within my breast.

Though the lightning round thee flasheth;  
Love shall guide it to the deep;  
Though the ocean round thee dasheth,  
Love shall calm thy soul to sleep.

Rest thou on this bosom, sweetest;  
Happy be in life's young day:

Happy hours are shortest, fleetest,  
Happy be while yet you may.

---

**"WHAT'S CHARITY?"**

'Tis not to pause, when at my door  
A shivering brother stands;  
To ask the cause that made him poor,  
Or why he help demands.

'Tis not to spurn that brother's prayer,  
For faults he once has known;  
'Tis not to leave him in despair,  
And say that I have none.

The voice of CHARITY is kind:  
She thinketh nothing wrong;  
To every fault she seemeth blind,  
Nor vaunteth with her tongue.

In penitence she placeth faith:  
Hope smileth at her door;  
Relieveth first: then softly saith,  
"Go, brother, sin no more!"

---

**THE TEAR.**

There is a gem, a hallowed gem  
Of more intrinsic worth  
Than ever decked the diadem  
Of potentate on earth;  
It is a gem of purer ray  
Than India's mines possess;  
Beams brightly in affliction's day,  
And sparkles in distress.

This gem is seen in woman's eye,  
And speaks a language dear,  
When the last lingering, kind good bye,  
Just falters on the ear;  
When heart to heart responsive beats,  
And hand with hand is pressed;  
When cheek with cheek as warmly meets,  
And breast as warm with breast.

---

**GIVE ME THAT BOWL.**

Give me that bowl; it hath a balm  
To heal each wound of sorrow;  
Give me that bowl; it hath a charm  
To tull the stormy morrow.

Give me that bowl; its joys may be  
Spurned by the strong in spirit;  
But he who sinks in penury  
Has little cause to fear it.

Give me that bowl; the wise may say  
'Tis poison drained from devils;  
What reck's it; if that poison may  
Rob life of half its evils.

Give me that bowl; a serpent-fiend  
May at the bottom coil him;  
As dread is he who twines a friend,  
To slander and to spoil him!

---

**OH, WEEP NOT FOR THOSE, &c.**

Oh, weep not for those, who have sunk to their rest  
In the blaze of their martial renown;

Whose spirits have fled to the realms of the blest,  
Whom the laurels of martyrdom crown;  
Oh, weep not for those, who have fled to the bourn  
Where the dust of their forefathers sleep;  
Whose relicks repose in the rude-lettered urn,  
Or bleach on the shores of the deep.

Weep not for the dead; for the dead cannot hear;  
They feel not the sting of neglect;  
Their spirits have soared to their own native sphere;  
They need not the tears of respect;  
Weep not for the dead, but weep for the brave,  
Who wander, forlorn and distressed;  
Whose sun has declined to the verge of the grave;  
Who freeze on INGRATITUDE's breast.

---

#### DUNNING RHYMES.

Shipmates, once more our annual cruize we've run,  
And stowed your mental appetites with—fun;  
Through heat and cold, and biting blasts of wo,  
Still have we kept our little barque in tow;  
Still o'er the billows of life's troubled sea,  
Her pumps have been, by patronage, kept free;  
No pirate, cruising in the gulf of debt,  
'Tween wind and water, e'er has pierced her yet;  
No worms upon her timbers e'er have preyed,  
Her bottom's sound—her keel is firmly laid;  
She asks no foreign convoy to protect,  
Nor shews to lubbers signals of respect;  
Or on the smooth Pacific wave of bliss,  
Her snowy sails good fortune's breezes kiss;  
Or on the Atlantic billows of distress,  
A rag of sail she carries not the less.



'Tis true, last cruise, some lubbers used foul play,  
 And after shipping, skulked like rats away:  
 But what of that:—'Board every ship is found  
 A Jack or so, to Port *Repentance* bound;  
 To such we say—Blow wind propitious blow,  
 And speed 'em swiftly to the shores of wo!  
 Messmates, ahoi!—There's some aboard our ship,  
 Who borrowed of our Admiral last trip:  
 And he, my lads, is one that knows his chart,  
 And carries both an open purse and heart;  
 He'll always help a shipmate, if he finds  
 He's ta'en aback by fortune's adverse winds,  
 But if he spies a *smuggler* 'mong his crew,  
 Turns up his nose, and looks tremendous blue.  
 Honor, my lad's the magnet of the soul,  
 Nor varies aught at south or northern pole:  
 Who steers by honor never can be lost  
 On penury's shoals, or misery's rugged coast;  
 Then hail the Clerk, or to the Purser go,  
 And pay the tough old Admiral what ye owe.

---

**IMPROMPTU.**

Written at Mount Vernon, 1816.

“Shame on my country! everlasting shame!  
 She bids no sculptured marble breathe his name!”

[PIERPONT'S PORTRAIT.]

Thy country, spirit of the mighty dead,  
 To thee a lasting monument imparts;  
 She rears, great WASHINGTON, above thy head,  
 A monument of most ungrateful hearts.

## STANZAS,

A rock's rude brow his dwelling place,  
That overhung the sea;  
Undaunted valor on his face  
Sat in dread majesty;  
And his stern eye defiance bold  
Looked on each wave that 'neath him rolled,  
  
Below his throne, above the world  
Of waters, woman rose;  
He saw her—and the bolt had hurled—  
For he had lost repose;  
But lo! the shaft unheeded fell—  
Tho' strong his arm, more strong her spell.  
  
Down from his cloud-capped seat he leapt,  
Repelled the invading wave,  
Gained her light skiff: a coward, wept:  
Nor felt himself a slave,  
Till cords, too frail for summer's wind,  
Around his heart, his spirit twined.  
  
He burst the cords; he braved the surge—  
His rocky throne in view;  
But never reached the lofty verge  
Where happiness he knew:  
The skiff was gone—the fairy fled—  
His peace was wrecked—his hopes are dead.

---

**LOVE.**

You ask where it dwells,  
And where its abode;  
What bosom it swells,  
What valleys or dells  
It lately hath trod.

Believe me, dear maid,  
Thou'lt seek it in vain:  
'Tis flown from the glade,  
It warms not the shade,  
Nor cheers it the plain.

The bosom of youth  
Its pillow is not:  
For nought but untruth  
Are the warm vows of youth—  
Soon made, and forgot.

Love hath but one home,  
Save one that's above;  
Then why, maiden, roam?  
I'll shew thee its home  
In the nest of the dove.

---

#### KATE AND JO.

Beside the babbling BRANDYWINE  
Their humble dwelling rose;  
The ivy and the jessamine  
Around its portals close;  
And sheltered by a friendly oak  
From all the winds that blow,  
No sorrows yet the peace had broke  
Of happy KATE and JO.

The dream of power, the wish for wealth,  
Had ne'er disturbed their rest;  
The rosy smile of joy and health  
Was all that they possessed;

No more they craved: the daily prayer  
 Might seldom farther go,  
 Than just to ask the gracious care  
 Of heaven o'er KATE and Jo.

I saw them once;—a traveller worn,  
 Unto their cot I strayed;  
 A happier pair, the rosy morn,  
 I thought, had ne'er surveyed!  
 And when the parting hour drew near  
 That bade me onward go,  
 Unbidden rose the secret prayer  
 To heaven, for KATE and Jo,

Alas! how changed!—The humble cot  
 That rose beside the stream,  
 In ruin sinks; remembered not,  
 Or only as a dream;  
 Beneath the elm the wretched pair  
 Are laid forever low;  
 The ALEHOUSE rises on the wreck;  
 The wreck of KATE and Jo.

---

#### MRS. HENTWISTLE.

Nature exhausted, once resolved to rest,  
 But ere her head the moss'y pillow pressed,  
 Bethought who best, who most devoid of art,  
 She might select to *act* her every *part*;  
 When, lo! a form in modest garb arrayed,  
 Around the couch her numerous gambols *played*;  
 Now wore her cheek, of joy, the ruddy glow,  
 Now moist with tears, proclaimed some hidden wo;  
 Then mimicking the ravings of despair,  
 She wept, and shrieked and plucked her tangled hair!

In sooth so well the various parts she played,  
So true each passion of the soul portrayed,  
Th' adopted child of Nature she became,  
And here on earth ENTWISTLE is her name.

---

### TO MY OLD COAT.

Long time has passed, old ragged friend,  
Since first we met together,  
And thou to me thy aid didst lend  
To shield me from the weather.

But envious Time; relentless king!  
Hath rent thy seams assunder;  
And thou hast now become a thing  
Of every blockhead's wonder.

But since thou'st proved a friend in need,  
Through half life's rugged journey,  
'Twould be a graceless thing indeed,  
Now out of doors to turn ye.

No, no, old friend—'tis better now  
To brave the world's dread laughter,  
Than e'er to thoughtless folly bow,  
And meet with scorn hereafter.

The ladies, kind, obliging souls,  
As through the streets they dash on,  
Whene'er they view thy thousand holes,  
Cry—"Mending's out of fashion."

The dandy, as he passes by,  
Condemns each holey feature;  
And modern virtue, with a sigh,  
Exclaims—"Oh, wretched creature!"

But he who leaves an aged friend  
Forgotten and neglected,  
May find himself, when earth shall end,  
By heaven itself rejected.

And he who proudly turns aside  
To shun a wretched brother,  
Will feel the sting of injured pride  
In this world or in t' other.

Then come, old friend, for thou canst yet  
Protect me from the weather;  
And when my sun of life shall set,  
We'll both lie down together.

And when the last loud trump shall sound,  
And dawns the morn of terrors,  
Oh, may thy patches then be found  
More numerous than my errors!

---

From the Western Spy.

**REPLY TO VERSES ON THE OLD COAT.**

My Yankee friend, these lines I send  
To thank you for your writing;  
Your witty turns, like Robin Burns,  
Are what I do delight in.

From distant glades, and backwood shades,  
Your brother poets hail you;  
And hope your muse, when fools abuse  
Your coat—will never fail you.

The ladies fair, who at you stare,  
Might better show their breeding;

And hawbuck clowns, in all our towns,  
Are scarcely worth your heeding.

At the French court, they made such sport  
About sage FRANKLIN's breeches,  
That the queen's maid, as it is said,  
E'en tried to count the stitches.

FRANKLIN more wise, did wisdom prize,  
He hated show and flutter:  
He looked on fops as painted tops,  
Or FALSTAFF's toasts in butter.

I love the man, who boldly can  
Bear with such fools when jeering;  
Whose praise or blame is much the same,  
And neither worth our hearing.

'Tis well to wear our old coats here,  
As long as they will do one;  
But ere we do in heaven appear,  
'Twere best to get a *new* one!

---

**TO GEORGE HELMBOLD, ESQ.**

Late Editor of the "Philadelphia Ballance," in anticipation of his  
sixtieth year. Written in 1819.

What though the robber, Time, has stole  
The gristle from thy gambles,  
A pillar stands thy noble soul,  
Amidst a world of brambles.

What though the clay-built house of mind  
Must soon or late fall right down;  
There is no fear but thou wilt find  
In charity a night-gown.

What 's formed of dust, to dust will turn—  
Death 's daily undermining;  
But, GEORGE, the *spirit* will not burn,  
Though it must stand REFINING.

Whoever lends a willing arm  
To save a sinking brother,  
A hand *unseen* his soul shall draw  
From this world up to t' other.

Although is manned thy fragile bark  
With passions mutinous ever,  
It shall not founder in the dark,  
No—never—never—never!

The world would deem that mortal mad,  
Possessed of spirits evil,  
Who to the earth, because it had  
A crack, his house should level.

He who has formed thy house of flesh,  
That it is flesh remembers,  
And mercy ne'er thy soul will thresh  
For faults among the timbers.

To love my neighbour as myself,  
And HIM who made me better—  
To share with misery *half* my pelf,  
Is of the law the letter.

Man's a machine of wonderful art,  
Known only to its maker;  
The pendulum is styled the heart,  
The conscience, regulator.

Whene'er the pendulum is found  
To make too quick transition,



The regulating hand goes round,  
Nor stops but at contrition.

Whene'er thou diest, or soon, or late,  
Still may thy heart be merry,  
And Charon, in his barge of state,  
Safe row thee o'er the ferry.

There, welcomed by the souls of those  
Freed from the king of terrors,  
May Lethe bathe thy gouty toes,  
And wash away thy errors.

---

#### A TRUE STORY.

A young man who had often rode the mountain wave, and braved the pelting of the pitiless storm, was treated with the basest ingratitude by a person in whose honor he reposed the greatest confidence, and in whose hands he had deposited a considerable sum of money, the reward of many toilsome days and sleepless nights at sea. This wretch decamped with the whole sum, which so deeply affected the young man, that he determined to drown his sorrows in the bowl, and remember his poverty no more. He accordingly bought a quantity of wine; poured out a cup and drank it; another; raised it to his lips, and, paused. Here, the hitherto silent monitor within awoke, and informed him that he had an aged father, and a most affectionate wife dependant on him for support. He dashed the cup, and fled from the yawning jaws of swift destruction.

O give me wine!—My heart is sore;  
Ingratitude hath pierced it deep;

Give me the cup I'll drink once more;  
Yes drink, till I forget to weep.

Then come, oblivious nectar, come!  
And hail thou sweetly poisonous cup;  
For though thy brim with nightshade bloom,  
I'll drink thy sparkling poison up.

Yes, though the adder lurk below,  
And mix with death this rosy wine,  
Yet will I drink till it shall flow  
Through every vein and pore of mine.

For on a dizzy, dangerous steep,  
My aching head I'd sooner rest,  
Without a friend to guard my sleep,  
Than seek repose on human breast.

Less treacherous the hyena's wile,  
Less to be feared the tiger's grin,  
Than faithless friendship's wintry smile,  
That kills the nobler part within.

Then come, oblivious nectar, come!  
I'll taste again the deadly cup,  
And though its brim with nightshade bloom,  
I'll drink its sparkling poison up.

He paused, for memory brought to view  
The bleeding bosom of his sire;  
Yes, brought to mind the fond adieu  
Of her who first awaked his lyre.

Oh, conscience, then 'twas thine to save  
The noblest youth—the manliest form,  
That ever rode the dark blue wave,  
Or braved the fury of the storm.

For quickly from his lips he spurned  
The life and peace-destroying bowl—  
And back to health and life returned,  
Ere it had numbed his generous soul.

---

TO ELLEN.

In answer to "Lines to B. B.," published in the Philadelphia Saturday Evening Post, of October 11, 1823—Volume II. No. 42.

Sweet minstrel of a golden lyre,  
Accept my humble lay,  
Although no god my muse inspire,  
Nor tribute to me pay:  
Oh, would my rude, unskilful hand,  
A sweeter strain could wake;  
But, ah! beside me threatening stand,  
Of woes and pains a fearful band,  
That sounds discordant make.

Since last I heard thy soothing song,  
The minstrel's soul hath known  
The pains of penury, sickness, wrong,  
And borne them each *alone!*  
No generous breast, no heart sincere,  
No friendly hand, no eye  
Hath shed for him a kindly tear,  
Or bade a gleam of joy appear,  
To gild misfortune's sky.

Rugged and dark his path hath proved,  
Through all life's journey yet;  
And he has found, the *fondest loved*  
Can soonest love forget!  
Can trample on a bleeding heart,  
And happy be the while;

Forever welcome to the shore

A youthful chief, thy footsteps pressed;  
And dauntless want and peril bore,  
Till VENI VICI decked thy crest!

Forever welcome, *great and good!*

Till freedom's sun on earth shall set,  
The still small voice of gratitude  
Shall bless the name of LA FAYETTE.

What monarch of despotic power,  
Who fain would crush the freeborn brave,  
Whose glory gilds a tottering tower,  
Himself a subject and a slave;  
Would not, to view a nation's eyes  
With joyous drops unbidden wet,  
The pageantry of pride despise,  
And grasp the hand of—LA FAYETTE.

Whene'er the lips of youth inquire  
The path to virtue, honor, fame;  
To glory's temple proud aspire,  
While warmly glows the ardent flame;  
The voice of age shall fearless tell  
What perils oft its path beset,  
And prompt them onward by a spell  
That urged the soul of—LA FAYETTE.

And when the shades of death shall close  
Forever round thy hallowed head,  
We'll seek the place of thy repose,  
By filial love and duty led;  
And hearts that beat in bosoms free,  
(Gems by unerring wisdom set,)  
The living monument shall be  
Of freedom's champion—LA FAYETTE.

## FRIENDSHIP.

"And what is Friendship but a name

"A charm that lulls to sleep."—*Goldsmith*.

Oh, where are they who friendship vowed  
Ere fortune's sun declined?  
Whose gifts, unsought, so rapid flowed?  
Who round my heart entwined?

Where, where are those whose ready hands  
My own so eager pressed,  
Ere want my barque with miseries manned,  
Distracted and distressed?

Where are they *now*? Ah, whither fled?  
Their vows have they forgot?  
Grim penury thou hast reared thy head,  
And drove them from my cot.

Thy haggard form, an inmate now  
Where fortune smiled elate,  
Hath cancelled friendship's sacred vow,  
And left me to my fate.

No smile of love from beauty's eye,  
My dreary path illumines;  
Beneath my tread the flowerets die,  
The rose no longer blooms.

Mirth from my presence takes it flight,  
Joy seeks a brighter home;  
Hope's taper throws a feebler light,  
And pleasure shuns the gloom.

No more in life have I to lose;  
All's lost that's worth a care;  
Sad and heart-broken is my muse;  
My spirit in despair.

In vain on pleasures past I call,  
Their ghosts alone appear;  
My early friends—where are they all?  
They turn a deafened ear.

Oh, friendship, love, what are ye both?  
How speedy your decay?  
A moment and ye have your growth,  
At longest, but a day.

Life's chilling wind begins to blow;  
The tempest rude to roar;  
Your roots the autumn rains o'erflow,  
And strait ye are no more!

To *what* in life then shall we trust,  
To what for solace flee,  
If friendship's interest—love but lust,  
And truth but vanity!

Where shall we seek a balm for care,  
A covert for the heart?  
A shelter from the fiend despair—  
From human wile and art?

The murky cavern's deep recess  
Shrouds not the dæmon's form;  
The mountain's brow the feet may press,  
Howls there the calmless storm.

Alas! the broken heart no rest  
Save in the grave may find;  
The serpent coils him in the breast,  
And round the heart is twined.

Death, death alone hath strength to free  
The victim from its power:

Then who that bears such misery  
Hails not his final hour?

---

Addressed to the patrons of a literary paper, entitled the "HONEY-BEE," edited by the author.

The sun of bliss upon my cradle shone,  
And love, maternal, watched my infant sleep;  
Joy was my waking thought, and peace my zone,  
Gemmed with bright tears, affection's eye did weep.

Oh, how those blest, those halcyon moments flew,  
Too fraught with rapture long on earth to stay:  
They passed as swiftly as the morning dew,  
As softly, as the silent march of day.

The night has come—the shades around me close;  
My walk is darkness, and despair my guide;  
My father sleeps where man forgets his woes,  
My mother floats a wreck down life's dark tide.

My brothers!—Where, Oh, where, alas! are they?  
I know not if in death they calmly rest,  
Beneath the dark blue waters' foamy spray,  
Or living, wander, exiled and distressed.

My sister!—Oh, if aught can joy restore,  
If aught can balm the wound of sorrow's dart,  
'Twill be into her heavenly soul to pour  
The childish feelings of a poet's heart.

More griefs, than on my brow the world can trace;  
More sorrows than my cheek should seem to tell,  
More miseries than are written on my face,  
Though young, have to my lot in this world fell.

My tale is brief—'tis done! and, patrons kind,  
 On you my hope, my every hope I build,  
 Oh, may the "BEE" within your breasts be shrined,  
 And when it dies—with honey be it killed.

### A TALE OF TRUTH.

Inscribed to CHARLES HALL, Esq. late of BOSTON,  
 Massachusetts, now a merchant in AUGUSTA, Georgia,  
 by ROBERT S. COFFIN, eldest brother of ELOISA  
 COFFIN, resident in BOSTON.

*Beloved* FRIEND! thy noble heart  
 Will sympathize with me;  
 So to thine ear will I impart  
 A tale of villainy:  
 A tale, at which the blood of youth,  
 Shall dull and icy flow;  
 A tale, whose deep and damning truth,  
 The world and THOU shouldest know.

### THE STORY.

A beauteous flower, as chaste and fair  
 As e'er in Eden grew,  
 Whose breath gave incense to the air  
 Whence health and life it drew,  
 Bloomed on the world's wide cheerless waste,  
 Like hope in misery's breast;  
 By noxious weeds all undebased,  
 Though drooping and distressed.

A thorn that near the floweret grew,  
 All youthful, blooming, bright,  
 Shook from its leaves the chilly dew,  
 Chill, chill as autumn's night;  
 Joyous the unsuspecting flower  
 The deadly boon received;



Pledged her fond heart in evil hour,  
And its false vows believed.

But soon beneath its blossoms fair  
The piercing shaft she spied;  
Yet, twining still, in mute despair,  
That shaft her heart blood dyed!  
Now withering in her beauty's bloom,  
Though pure as morning's breath,  
The bridal hall will prove the tomb,  
The ghastly bridegroom—DEATH!

Nay, curse thou not! Though curses dread  
The cruel thorn may claim,  
Be not the shaft of vengeance sped,  
Till thou shalt know the name;  
Restrain thy rage; at least till I  
And THOU, my friend shall meet;  
Then, then to thee I'll 'raptured fly,  
And vengeance SHALL be sweet!

---

ODE.

Respectfully dedicated to the REDMEN of PENNSYLVANIA.

BY BROTHER NIGHTINGALE.

Red brothers all though far away  
The NIGHTINGALE has flown,  
That used to pour his pensive lay  
For you—for you alone;  
Still when the COUNCIL FIRE is lit,  
And all is social glee,  
As ye within the CIRCLE sit,  
Oh, then remember me.

Twice, twice twelve MOONS have shed their light,  
The FOREST's gloom to cheer,

Since wandering in misfortune's night,  
Your voice has met my ear;  
Yet, like a BROTHER still I'll bear  
Whatever pain there be,  
Assured, that wheresoe'er ye are,  
Ye'll still remember me.

Let fools our friendly ties contemn,  
And senseless foes deride;  
The RED MAN still can laugh at them,  
And mock their paltry pride;  
Perhaps by coward envy, vile,  
My song may jeered be;  
But at the folly I can smile,  
So ye remember me.

The FOREST's wide—and brothers all,  
The path is dark and rude;  
The snows of age unheeded fall,  
Youth's flowers are quickly strewed;  
And let them fall—the flowers decay,  
The earth a desert be;  
Still o'er the waste I'll careless stray,  
While ye remember me.

And when the ARROW swift has sped,  
The SUN of life is dim,  
When death the mandate stern has read,  
Life's cup flows o'er the brim;  
Then as the COUNCIL-FIRE above  
Is burning bright for me,  
Oh, by the ties of friendship, prove  
Ye still remember me.

*5th moon, the 4th, 1823.*

## THE SHIPWRECK.

Inscribed to MOCCASIN JACKSON, Esq. of New-York, the inventor  
of Life Preserving Mattresses.

'Twas on the coast of Britain's isle,  
Along her rugged strand,  
Where dizzy cliffs, and surges high,  
Rise awful, dread, and grand;  
A gallant barque, from Freedom's shore,  
There rode the stormy sea,  
While howled the blast along the wave,  
And to her crew loud warning gave  
Of fearful destiny.

In vain they strive the sails to furl,  
The wind her white wings rends;  
And now they breathe a sad adieu  
To sweethearts, wives, and friends;  
Her masts are gone, her decks are swept,  
A guideless wreck she floats;  
And now with fury onward borne,  
She strikes the reef—in pieces torn,—  
And washed away her boats!

Now dashed against the pointed rocks,  
The seamen gasp for breath,  
While each returning billow bears  
A victim pale of death:  
But, see! one gallant, hardy tar,  
The surges' fury braves;  
Unharm'd amid the storm, alone,  
Against the cliffs he's furious thrown,  
Borne high upon the waves.

No plank he grasps, no spar affords  
His weary limbs relief;

Yet hope beside him sits serene,  
And dries the tears of grief:  
'Twas JACKSON gave the means to save,  
On a MATTRESS he glides;  
His shiners safe, in pockets strong,  
Secure to shore he glides along,  
And stems the rushing tides.

Then, ye who tempt the raging sea,  
Amidst the thunder's roar;  
Who o'er the treach'rous billows rove,  
To seek a foreign shore,  
To Jackson for Mattresses go,  
Mattresses life to save;  
Then though the winds terrific blow,  
And frowning cliffs their summits show,  
You'll safe all danger brave.

---

**IMITATION OF SOUTHEY.**

How beautiful is Spring! how pure  
The balmy breath of May!  
The herds are grazing on the hills,  
Or 'neath the beech tree sleep:  
The world is still; the forest flowers  
Woo to their breast the breeze;  
The sturdy peasant's sun-brown cheek  
Is dimpled deep with joy;  
The invalid with gladness hails  
The blest return of health:  
All nature wears the face of heaven,  
How beautiful is Spring!

**IMPROMPTU.**

To the Ladies of Charleston, S. C.

When first Columbia's offspring shook  
And spurned the despot's chain;  
When sire and son the sabre took,  
And sought the crimson plain;  
Though vanquished oft in bloody strife,  
Their souls despair disdain;  
For female kindness kindles life,  
And bids them breathe again.

The step of beauty was not heard  
Along the Briton's hall;  
The form of beauty ne'er appeared  
To grace the British ball;  
No—Charleston's daughters smile not there;  
They're in the field of death;  
Columbia's heroes claim their care,  
To stay the fleeting breath.

Blest be ye all.—May pleasure spring  
In every path you tread;  
While native bards your praises sing,  
And blessings crown your head;  
And captured—as you'll doubtless be,  
Surrender then your charms,  
And find both love and liberty  
Within a freeman's arms.

---

**THE STEAM BOAT.**

A bonny barque, with swiftest wings,  
On the Hudson soon shall glide;  
And she'll come when the robin sweetly sings,  
And nature's in her pride.

Like a halcyon on the stormy sea,  
 The billows she shall breast;  
 For her flag is the flag of the brave and free,  
 The brightest and the best.

Along the Hudson's verdant shore,  
 When the flowers are fresh and fair  
 When the songsters wild, their wild notes pour,  
 And balmy breathes the air;

Oh, then in her noble strength and pride,  
 She'll sail like a golden star,  
 When it shoots, and gilds heaven's surface wide,  
 And throws its rays afar.

Then here's a cup to the bonny barque,  
 When she breasts the billows blue;  
 When she comes to her port, like the ancient Ark,  
 That bore the faithful few.

---

### **LIGHT AND WASHINGTON.**

An Original Ode.

Blest spirit of the native lyre,  
 That swelled the song for freedom won,  
 His soul with all thy feelings fire  
 That breathes of light and Washington:  
 Celestial nymph, from glory's realms descend,  
 To my adventurous muse thy genius lend.

How modest waved the victor's plume,  
 Departed virtue, o'er thy brow!  
 How fresh the fadeless flowerets bloom  
 That shed their fragrance o'er thee now:  
 Time, Time! there's not a flower thy frost that fears  
 For Vernon's soil is moist with manly tears.

Yes—sacred drops bedewed the spot,  
Beneath whose breast thy relics rest:  
For when hath gratitude forgot  
The worth of him a world hath blest?  
Whose name the red man in his wrath respects—  
And, mark! his knife a gem of mercy decks!

Where'er in life was cast thy lot,  
In conclave deep or sanguine plain,  
Ne'er fell upon thy fame a blot,  
Nor wore thy sword a wanton stain;  
Scarce on its blade the blood of guilt was seen;  
So thick the pearls of pity fell between.

Lo, GREECE—but late the blood-hounds' prey,  
How bright again her glories bloom!  
From VERNON's sun she caught the ray,  
That gilds her brave BOSCARIS' tomb;  
And while that ray unearthly lingers there,  
The CROSS must triumph—and its foes despair.

And RUSSIA's vast and cheerless realm  
From ten fold darkness shall emerge:  
An Eagle perch upon her helm,  
Whose vision scans creation's verge;  
His furious steed the Tartar fierce shall rein,  
And bathe in light that warms his every vein.

Visions of glory; on the soul  
Intensely bright the beams ye throw,  
Like waves of gold that onward roll,  
Beneath the sun's meridian glow;  
Still glory gathering as ye move sublime,  
And throwing radiance o'er the march of time.

Though sweet the seraphs' strain and bright  
 The morn that on creation broke,  
 When Mercy said. "Let there be LIGHT!"

And Nature from her slumbers woke:  
 When the dark curtains of the deep were furled,  
 And man looked forth upon this beauteous world.

Yet, say, ye sons of sires renowned,  
 Brave offspring of the mighty dead,  
 Did not heaven's harps as sweetly sound,  
 The sun his beams as brightly shed,  
 When freedom smiled, and hailed the glorious morn  
 That saw Columbia's peerless Saviour born!

Lo, angels' songs the chieftain's birth,  
 To suffering virtue loud proclaimed;  
 Then Freedom flew again to earth,  
 And was by Heaven Columbia named:  
 Her starry flag she fearless waved on high,  
 Stars for her friend, stripes for her enemy.

Long may that flag o'er freedom's shore,  
 And freedom's sons unsullied wave;  
 Wave till creation is no more,  
 Till nature sinks in ruin's grave;  
 Then be it to the God of battles given,  
 The glorious passport of a world to heaven.

#### MEMORY.

To him who shudders to see  
 Past years in folly spent,  
 To him, indeed, O! Memory,  
 Thou art a demon sent.



But he who feareth not to pass  
His own heart's strict review,  
While runs the sands of life's brief glass,  
Shall find a friend in you.

---

### THE FLOWER OF THE CLIFF.

I beheld on a cliff which the billows were laving,  
When the sun had declined, and chill was the air;  
I beheld a sweet flower in the night breezes waving,  
Like the goddess of hope on the rock of despair.

The bright gems of eve on its bosom were gleaming,  
Like the tear of compassion on modesty's cheek;  
And the chaste queen of night from her blue chamber  
beaming,  
Shed a soft lustre round the sweet flowret so meek.

I beheld it awhile, but the storm was approaching,  
The moon hid her light from the bleak rugged shore;  
And the dark waves below, on its bed were  
encroaching—  
I beheld, and the flowret, alas! was no more!

Sweet flower of the rock, while thy fate I am telling,  
While my heart bleeds to view thee thus' abject and  
low,  
E'en now o'er my head the rough billows are  
swelling,  
Which, like thee, may engulf me in sorrow and wo.

---

### ON THE DEATH OF THOMAS COFFIN.

On the bosom of ocean he sank to repose,  
Where Neptune a hero had proved him,

And the breeze that now homeward so placidly  
blows,

Bears a proof that his sons ever loved him.

In the mantle of death—'twas the bed of the  
brave ;

All silent his corse they enshrouded ;

And they wept as he sunk 'neath the dark-rolling  
wave,

For that virtue which vice never clouded.

No more shall the tempest that ruffles the deep,

E'er disturb the repose of his pillow ;

No more shall the thunder awake from his sleep

The tar 'neath the breast of the billow.

For the rude rocks of ocean now pillow his head,

Where friendship in sorrow resign'd him ;

But his memory survives, tho' his spirit has fled,

For a good name he still leaves behind him.

---

**MRS. HOLMAN.**

Minstrel of earth, allied to heaven !

Enchantress of the soul,

To whom the blessed power is given,

Man's passions to control ;

Accept the offering of a muse

Unskilled in classic lore,

Nor with contempt the lay refuse

A wandering bard may pour.

The lyre that now is swept for thee,

And fain would greet thine ear,

Knows not the strain of flattery,

To folly's minions dear.

The hand that sweeps its cords along,  
Though none perhaps so rude,  
Hath never wove an idle song,  
To be for pride the food.

Thy voice, my raptured ear hath met,  
And still is lingering there ;  
Nor can my soul those notes forget  
That chained the fiend despair ;  
That drove each sorrow from my breast,  
The world and all its woes ;  
That gave to weary life a zest,  
A troubled soul repose.

And if, when death with icy hand,  
The purple flood congeals ;  
When still the pulse of nature stands,  
And stop of life the wheels ;  
If thou but breathe the hallowed strain  
Of peace by mercy given ;  
My doubting soul would lingering stand,  
Nor know its course to heaven.



The following poem is founded on the supposition that a young man in a fit of ungovernable passion, has murdered his aged and too indulgent father ! He immediately flies, and succeeds in eluding his pursuers ; but the worm that never dies continually preys upon his peace ; and, amidst the murky recesses of the forest—upon the dizzy verge of the Highland summit—in the gloomy caverns of the rock ; wherever he wends his solitary way, the bleeding form of his victim stands before him, and points to the wound the paricide's unhallowed hand has given. The intenseness of his

mental and bodily sufferings, at length produces insanity ; the lightning strikes him, and he perishes in despair.

### THE MANIAC OF THE PEAK.

A Poem.

Ah, who is he who wanders wild  
On yon untrodden peak :  
Whose looks declare him misery's child,  
Whose features madness speak ?

Why treads he on that fearful height,  
When eve her mantle spreads,  
And nature mourns the blessed light  
That Sol no longer sheds ?

Alas, the glorious light of MIND  
His path no more illumines ;  
The mental orb of vision's blind,  
And hope no longer blooms.

Upon the dizzy verge of death  
All heedlessly he stands ;  
Laughs at the storm that bursts beneath,  
And madly claps his hands !

No coward fear his soul alarms ;  
He dreads no coming ill ;  
The lightning's glare his spirit charms,  
That leaps from hill to hill.

The thunder's deep, terrific voice,  
Breaks idly on his ear ;  
And most he bids his soul rejoice  
When danger is most near.

The pelting hail, the sleet, the snow,  
The frost, the frequent shower,  
The bleak and piercing blasts that blow—  
He mocks their every power.

Distracted rolls the maniac's eye,  
O'er heaven, and sea, and earth :  
And though destruction hovers nigh,  
He yells his horrid mirth.

Oh, God! in mercy build Thou up,  
Frail reason's shattered throne;  
SANE let us quaff the bitter cup  
That must our sins atone.

But see the vivid lightning's flame  
Hath scathed the sufferer's form:  
His spirit freed from whence it came,  
Returns upon the storm.

Mysterious are the ways of heaven  
Inscrutable its laws;  
The EFFECTS to know to man is given,  
But hidden oft the CAUSE.

The wretch who wandered fierce and wild  
'Midst elemental strife,  
With blood his daring hand defiled,  
And plucked a FATHER's life!

From justice here he swift fled,  
Remorse as swiftly pursued;  
Through forest, dell—where'er he sped,  
The fiend behind him stood.

"My punishment," with Cain, he cried,  
"Oh, God! I cannot bear!"

Then in his madness heaven defied,  
And perished in despair.

Far from that spot so lone, and drear,  
The huntsman wends away;  
And erst the Red Man shrunk with fear,  
"And left the stag at bay."

And oft, 'tis said unearthly cries  
Upon the blast are borne,  
When whirling tempests shake the skies,  
And the firm oak 's uptorn;

And, ah! to touch his bones refrain,  
There's peril in the deed;  
That hand to life may start again,  
And teach thy heart to bleed!

No floweret rears in fragile form  
Above the murderer's grave;  
But furies shriek amidst the storm,  
And round his relics rave.

And traces of those spirits curst  
The traveller may espy,  
If, when the autumn tempest bursts,  
He thither turns his eye.

The prowling panther, fierce for blood,  
Not there his wrath may wreak;  
A fiercer spirit haunts the wood,  
The MANIAC's of the PEAK!

---

**PATRIOTIC SONG.**

When freedom midst the battle-storm  
Her weary head reclined;

When round her fair majestic form,  
Oppression fain had twined ;  
Amidst the din—beneath the cloud  
Great WASHINGTON appeared :  
His daring hand rolled back the shroud  
And thus the sufferer cheered :

Spurn, spurn despair!—Be great, be free!  
With giant strength arise;  
Stretch, stretch thy pinions, Liberty,  
Thy flag plant in the skies!  
Clothe, clothe thyself in glory's robe,  
Let stars thy banners gem;  
Rule, rule the sea—possess the globe—  
Wear victory's diadem ;

Go, tell the world, a world is born,  
Another orb gives light;  
Another sun illumines the morn,  
Another star the night ;  
Be just, be brave!—and let thy name  
Henceforth Columbia be ;  
Wear, wear the oaken wreath of fame,  
The wreath of Liberty!

He said—and, lo! the stars of night  
Forth to her banner flew ;  
And morn, the pencil dipped in light,  
Her blushes on it drew,  
Columbia's chieftain siezed the prize,  
(All gloriously unfurled,)  
Flew with it to the native skies,  
And waved it o'er the world!

**THE RUINED FLOWER.**

Its stem was broke.—The desert wind  
 Passed rudely o'er its slender head;  
 It withered, drooped, and silent pined,  
 Till all its hues and fragrance fled:  
 The chilling frost of evening's hour  
 Shone coldly on the dying flower.

Lone withered flower! perchance the doom,  
 That met thee in thy day of youth,  
 May be inscribed upon my tomb,  
 Too deep for time to blot its truth ;  
 And tears, too late by sorrow shed,  
 May freeze and glisten o'er my head.

And better this my fate should be,  
 Than stab confiding virtue's breast;  
 Better to live in misery—  
 Better to die by love unblest,  
 Than build the hope of future fame,  
 On beauty's wreck, on woman's shame.

---

**WASHINGTON'S DIRGE.**

Written at the request of a friend, and adapted to the air of the dirge of Sir John Moore.

[The air is very plaintive and beautiful.]

Why moans the white surge on Potomac's proud tide,  
 Why droop the green willows that grow by its side?  
 Why chant Nature's minstrels their numbers so slow,  
 Imparting their songs in the whispers of wo?

Ah why "sighs the tall grass" o'er Vernon's green  
 breast,  
 Why fades the rich splendor of victory's crest?



Why is heard the deep sigh of the summer's bright  
close,

While the lily's still blooming, and blushing the rose?

My country, thy Saviour,—thy Washington brave,  
Lies cold in the earth, 'midst the gloom of the grave;  
The arrow of death to his bosom hath sped;  
He mingles with dust—with the dust of the dead!

The bright plume of valor, that blazoned his worth,  
Lies prone upon Vernon, and hallows its earth :  
But the boon of the blest to his spirit is given,  
The tears of a world, and the glory of Heaven.\*

\* Motto on medals struck at the time of his decease;—"He in glory—the world in tears."

### OSTENTATIOUS CHARITY.

"The POOR ye have always with you."

I saw the poor man at the gate  
Of ostentatious charity—  
Bowed down beneath the heavy weight  
Of helpless age and misery:  
He asked but one poor crust of bread—  
Aside the miser turned his head.

I saw the poor man go his way—  
Another son of earth drew nigh;  
And he was robed in pride's array,  
And impudence was in his eye;  
He had to India's shores a "Call;"  
The miser sighed but gave him all.

I saw the miser's sculptured vase,  
Inscribed with love deeds thickly o'er;

And on the massive golden base  
Was graved, *The patron of the poor!*  
The thunders rolled, the lightnings flashed,  
To earth the miser's urn was dashed.

The grave was opened, and the dead,  
Jehovah bade to judgment rise;  
The earth and sea together fled,  
And passed away the affrighted skies;  
The poor man and the miser stood  
Before the eternal throne of God.

What dost thou here? Jehovah cried—  
Thy ostentatious charity  
Availeth not—I knew thy pride,  
The cause of thy humanity;  
To strangers thou thy wealth didst give,  
That after thee thy name should live.

Blood of thy blood, that in thy gate  
For one, but one poor morsel cried,  
Him thy dark soul did proudly hate,  
His age and poverty deride;  
My gospel—said the eternal God,  
My gospel thou hast spread in blood.

Thy brother perished that thy name  
Should long on earth in splendour shine—  
That on a scroll should live thy fame,  
And thou be called a child of mine;  
I know thee not—to darkness hie—  
Availeth not thy charity.

Oh, thou who send'st thy wealth abroad,  
Unto the distant heathen shore,

'Tis unaccepted by thy God,  
If thou the beggar at thy door  
Deny—although a *wretch* he be,  
That which sustains mortality!

---

### MY COUNTRY.

The Exile's refuge, and the stranger's home.

A land I know, upon whose generous soil  
The flowers of love and friendship ever bloom;  
Where peace and plenty bless the laborer's toil,  
And misery's children find a welcome home.

Here bounteous nature, from her ample store,  
Profusely spread her choicest dainties round;  
Here want, distracted, shuns the peasant's door,  
And penury's startling foot-prints are not found.

This peaceful spot of rich and fertile earth,  
This clime congenial to the patriot soul;  
This, this I hail the country of my birth,  
Where first the light upon my being stole.

This is the land where friendship, peace and love,  
And smiling liberty, delight to roam;  
This is the land whose shores shall ever prove  
*The exile's refuge, and the stranger's home.*

---

### THE SLANDERER.

Knowest thou the fiend of the fearful hour,  
That wanders alone on mortality's shore;  
That treads on the graves where brave men repose,  
And wilfully tramples the church-yard rose?

Knowest thou the fiend of the night's cold noon,  
That gazes with hate on the beauteous moon;  
That soils and mars with the finger of shame  
The artless record of the poor man's fame?

Knowest thou the fiend of the livid hue,  
Whom the eye of mortals may seldom view;  
That places his hand on the heart of the good,  
Congealing for ever the vital flood?

Knowest thou the fiend of the scornful eye,  
That inhales the pure breath of love's warm sigh,  
And returns it back, polluted and foul,  
To poison and wither the fond one's soul?

Knowest thou the fiend? dost thou see him advance?  
O heaven protect thee from his baleful glance;  
For should'st thou be seen by that eye of flame,  
Farewell to thy HONOR, thy GLORY, thy FAME.

---

#### ON VISITING NEW ENGLAND.

Hail, land of good feelings! hail, home of the poor!  
Hail, cradle of freedom! sweet scene of delight,  
May the rose and the olive long thrive on thy shore,  
And curst be the wretch who their beauty would  
blight.

May thy sons be as brave as thy daughters are fair,  
Thy veterans be honoured, thy statesmen carressed;  
May all nations revere thee, no traitor ensnare,  
But the sun-shine of freedom beam bright on thy  
breast.

May the deeds of thy love be as lasting and bright,  
As thy fame is unclouded—thy charity pure;

May thy virtues be written in letters of light,  
And thy name be immortal as heaven is sure.

Then hail to thee, home of the wretched and poor!  
Hail, cradle of freedom! the stranger's delight!  
May the rose and the olive long thrive on thy shore,  
And curst be the wretch who their beauty would  
    blight.

---

TO "ELLEN."

Since the clouds of affliction first darkened my day—  
Since the cold hand of poverty palsied my soul;  
Since the bright star of hope first withheld its blest ray,  
And the shadow of death o'er my fair prospects stole;

O, I ne'er had enjoyed—I never had known  
An hour of tranquility, free from alloy,  
Till the sound of THY harp, with its sweet soothing tone,  
Again re-illumed my wan cheek with joy.

Dear lady, I know that the dawn of thy bliss  
Full truly has proved but the presage of pain;  
And as thy chaste lip gave affection its kiss,  
Misfortune stood near, and reclaimed it again.

Yet, lady, believe that the mercy of heaven,  
Which views not, unheeded, an insect expire,  
Will help thee to bear all the ill it has given,  
And still thy lone heart with new courage inspire.

Look forward with hope, and RELIGION's mild ray  
Shall dispel all the clouds of thy darkness and sorrow,  
The sun that looks on thee with coldness to-day,  
May beam on thy bosom, eternal, to-morrow.

But O, if the strain of a harp long unstrung,  
May back to thy bosom its calmness restore,  
Then, lady, indeed, not "in vain" have I sung,  
The reward is sufficient—I ask for no more.

---

#### TO A VIOLET.

I love thee, humble, modest flower,  
That bloomest so sweet in lonely bower,  
And shedest thy fragrance in the grove,  
Sacred to peace, and virtuous love.

I love thee more than yonder rose,  
Though choicer sweets its leaves disclose;  
For ah! rude thorns the rose invest,  
Which deeper pierce the more they're pressed;  
And oft, full oft, 'tis thrown aside,  
Or trampled 'neath the foot of pride;  
But thou—so humble and so poor,  
Art from the rose's fate secure;  
Thou dwellest alone—from insult free,  
Thy safety thy HUMILITY.

LOUISA, let the violet be  
An emblem of thyself and me;  
Unlike the rose, let's dwell alone,  
To an unfeeling world unknown.

---

#### THE CHRISTIAN'S BURIAL.

I saw the humble, heavenly soul  
In rags expiring lay;  
And yet for him no bell did toll,  
And none did honor pay,

No solemn musick struck the ear,  
And held the listener's breath:  
And few were those that dropped the tear  
For virtue lost in death.

But, like a peaceful evening cloud,  
Urged onward by the breeze,  
The good man silent left the crowd,  
And sought the world of peace:

And as his feet the portals trod,  
A chant did thus begin :  
" For ever welcome, child of God!  
Forever welcome in."

---

**TIME.**

Gray-headed thief! beneath thy feet  
What numerous spoils appear!  
There bleach the locks of maiden, sweet,  
There rusts the conqueror's spear.

Beneath thy foot the chieftain's crown  
Thou tramplest in the dust;  
His glittering brand beneath thy frown,  
Becomes a mass of rust.

The rose that blooms on beauty's cheek,  
Unseen, thou stealest away;  
Unheard—for who hath heard thee speak?  
Thou bid'st it turn to clay.

At thy rebuke, the cloud-capped tower  
Convulsive sinks to earth:  
And fame, that late defied thy power,  
Becomes thy guilty mirth.

E'en now thy sacrilegious hand  
 Encircles yonder dome;  
 It falls, though 'gainst the stern command  
 Of all the kings of Rome.

And tell me, oh! thou robber dread,  
 What thou hast not yet stole;  
 I see thee shake thy hoary head,  
 And cry—"MINE IS THE WHOLE!"

Nay, that is false;—a something still  
 Eludes thy pilfering power;  
 A something thou canst never steal,  
 Though earth should be no more.

Yes, hoary thief! though all beside  
 Unto thy grasp is given;  
 Thou canst not steal—how sinks thy pride,  
 The CHRISTIAN'S CROWN IN HEAVEN.

*To a villanous, good-for-nothing Printer.*

May all your columns fall in *pi*,\*  
 Each *chase* be gnawed by rust;  
 Weak, weak as water be your *lye*,—  
 Your *cases* filled with dust.

May all your *sticks* untrue be made,  
 Your *stands* too high or low;  
 No *page* upon the *stone* be laid  
 Where it should rightly go.

May all your *rules* be short and rough,  
 Your *bodkin* but a nail;

\* The words in Italics are technical terms.



Your *balls* be like a barber's puff,  
And rats your *pelts* assail.

May crooked stand of type each kind,  
Your *press* run hard for *oil*;  
Your *galleys* ten degrees inclined,  
Your *pasts* be vermin's spoil.

May all your *devils* idle be,  
Yet look to you for bread;  
And may you ne'er from duns be free,  
Until your're *dead—dead—dead*!

---

LA FAYETTE AT THE TOMB OF WASHINGTON.

There's *life* and *language* in the air  
That's breathed o'er Vernon's breast;  
Brave spirits freed assemble there,  
From realms of light and rest.

And, hark! beneath the unclouded sky,  
What strains seraphic rise;  
Earth, list immortal minstrelsy,  
Soul, spurn thy brittle ties!

Their golden harps the angelic throng  
For mortal man attune;  
For man they swell the noblest song,  
And grant the richest boon;

For man they leave their sacred seat,  
On Vernon's height have met,  
And with our father's spirit greet,  
The great and good FAYETTE!

Ah, who may tell the converse sweet,  
Unheard by mortal ear.  
When two such godlike spirits meet,  
Each in a different sphere!

Time, thou shalt ne'er again behold  
A scene so fraught with bliss;  
No, not till Nature's knell is knolled,  
Behold a scene like this.

And thou whose memory on the heart,  
By gratitude is 'graved;  
Who bore in all our pains a part,  
Till freedom's sons were saved;

Accept the prayers of spirits free,  
As pure as e'er were given;  
Thy fame is immortality,  
And thy reward is heaven.

---

#### MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

I do remember, one blest eve,  
When all the world was calm,  
I sat me down, a wreath to weave,  
Louisa's heart to charm.

And when the garland I had wove,  
And twined it round her brow,  
I felt a something—'twas not love!  
To love I knew not how.

It was a feeling kind and dear,  
A something undefined;  
A ray of joy, as bright and clear  
As warms a heavenly mind.

And though from that blest hour my eye  
Hath never viewed her face;  
Yea, though I never heard her sigh,  
Nor met her fond embrace;

Yet this dear something which I felt  
In childhood's early day,  
Within my bosom still hath dwelt,  
Still cheers my life's decay.

Oh tell me what this something was,  
This feeling new, explain;  
The effect I feel, to know the cause,  
I've asked my heart in vain.

And till some wiser lips define  
What o'er my senses stole,  
I'll rest content to style its name  
The MARRIAGE OF THE SOUL.

---

**AUTUMN.**

The summer's past, the harvest's o'er,  
The wintry winds are near;  
The swallow seeks a milder shore;  
The leaf is dead and sear;  
The tree is stript, its fruit decay'd,  
The fields are green no more;  
The lily on the earth is laid,  
The robin's song is o'er.

The scythe hath laid the field-flower low,  
The sickle low the corn;  
The axe compels the oak to bow,  
The lark hails not the morn;

The daisy's root the plough hath torn,  
The honey-suckle's dead;  
The rose-leaf on the blast is borne,  
All summer's sweets have fled!

And, lady fair, thy summer too  
As swift will pass away;  
And thy warm cheek, of roseate hue,  
E'en as the rose decay;  
Yes, soon the wintry wind of death  
O'er thy fair form shall play,  
And like the blast that sweeps the heath,  
Shall bear thy charms away.

Ah, then direct thy happy flight  
To that congenial shore,  
Where Autumn's blasts can never blight  
Thy spotless beauty more;  
Where He, who robes himself in light,  
And stills the tempest's roar;  
Shall clothe thee in that beauty bright  
That blooms when Time's no more.

---

#### DEATH OF COMMODORE PERRY.

The hero of Erie hath gone to his rest,  
Renowned on the pages of story;  
And the sun of his fame that rose in the west,  
Hath set in the blaze of its glory.

No more shall the billow of Erie's dark shores,  
As it rolls in the silence of sadness,  
Re-echo the words, "*We have met; they are ours!*"  
Inspiring the freemen with gladness.

No more shall the friend of his bosom behold  
The lord of her love and her spirit:  
But she'll find in the heart of his country enroll'd  
His courage, his zeal, and his merit.

The stranger was kind, and PERRY was blest,  
For friendship made smooth the rough pillow;  
He breathed but one sigh, it was breathed to the  
west,  
And the breeze bore it safe o'er the billow.

The hero of Erie is sleeping afar,  
Columbia, he's lost to thee 'ever;  
The spirit that walked on the whirlwind of war,  
Returns to thee never, oh, never!

Farewell to the hero of Erie's dark shores;  
Columbia, his valor remember;  
Engrave on his tomb, "*We have met; they are ours!*"  
And hallow the month of SEPTEMBER.

---

**TO JOHN HARWOOD, ESQ.\***

Friend HARWOOD, I wish that I never had strayed,  
One step from thy lone little cot;  
How blest had I been if with thee I had stayed,  
And never thy precepts forgot.

At thy old "OAKEN TABLE," so antique and neat,  
With good, and enough, always crowned;  
How I loved by thy side ever nearest to sit,  
While thy little ones hovered around.

Thy LETITIA so good, so devoid of all art,  
On her brow ne'er a frown did I see;

\* Alias, CHARLES MINER, Esq.

Her smile was a welcome, and fell on the heart.  
Like the sun's early light on the sea.

But my heart was inconstant and never had known  
Of affection or friendship the worth;  
My breast was a garden with weeds overgrown,  
Where the flower seed decayed in the earth.

Yet I said, " On this spot, if the weeds were away,  
The flowerets of fancy might bloom;  
'Neath the sunshine of fortune these weeds would decay,  
And the place of their birth be their tomb.

But how vain was the thought! for the tares of the heart,  
The storms of affliction must blight,  
Ere the sunshine of virtue its warmth can impart,  
And the flowers of the soul spring to light.

Farewell to thee, HARWOOD! but never forget,  
When the shadows of eve steal along,  
The minstrel who used at the window† to sit,  
And chant to the village his song.

† Containing but three panes of glass.

---

#### TO MY MOTHER.

What shall I bear thee, mother dear,  
When thy embrace again I greet,  
And feel upon my cheek the tear  
That flows when child and parent meet?

What shall I bear thee? Wealth and fame,  
Or gems that grew beneath the wave?  
Gold have I not; and glory's flame.  
Hath seldom shone but on the grave!

Nor wealth, nor fame, nor gems to thee,  
My mother, will thy offspring bear;  
Mean such reward indeed would be  
For all thy love, for all thy care.

But I shall bear to thy kind breast  
What heaven nor thee will e'er reject;  
A wasted form, pale sorrow's guest,  
A broken heart—a spirit wreck'd!

---

**TO HER THAT'S "FAR AWA."**

Go, breeze, and bear the balmy sigh  
To love and beauty's shrine;  
And softly as you onward fly,  
Oh, whisper it was mine.

Oh, breathe it o'er her beauteous breast,  
And o'er her dewy lip;  
And while that lip salutes its guest,  
Do thou the nectar sip.

Then on the wings of love, O haste,  
Its warmth, its sweets impart:  
And breathe it o'er the cheerless waste,  
The desert of the HEART!

---

**CHILDHOOD PLEADING THE STAY OF LA  
FAYETTE.**

Ah! wilt thou leave us, warrior, say?  
Wilt thou again that ocean brave  
Where death so often seeks his prey,  
And black destruction rolls his wave!

What though our clime inclement prove,  
And darkling clouds our sky deform;  
The sun of friendship, truth, and love,  
Our fathers' friend shall cheer and warm.

'Tis true, rude winds oft round us blow,  
And tempests sweep our mountains rude;  
But LA FAYETTE shall never know  
The winter of ingratitude.

What shall we do? How plead thy stay?  
But surely thou wilt not depart!  
Our little hands shall bar the way,  
And we will twine us round thy heart.

We'll weave thee wreaths of beauteous flowers,  
And gild them with the rays of truth:  
Thou shalt not count the fleeting hours,  
Nor know but thou art still in youth.

Nay, warrior, more:—When life shall close,  
And time's eventful sands have run,  
We'll bear thee to a blest repose,  
Beside our father—WASHINGTON.

---

#### THE WRECK OF LOVE.

Love's barque was launched on rapture's tide,  
In beauty's sunniest day;  
And fearless on, in conscious pride,  
She ploughed her joyous way:—  
The breeze of bliss her snowy sails  
All soft and silent swelled;  
O'er dimpled seas; with gentlest gales,  
Her careless course she held.



Joy seized the helm; his wild commands  
The pilot, Pleasure, gave,  
The barque to steer to fairy lands,  
Where wisdom's folly's slave:  
And o'er the glassy surface now,  
With heedless haste she flies;  
While Hope sits smiling on the prow,  
At hood-winked wisdom's eyes.

Bur, hark! along the deep has sped  
The hollow dirge of wo;  
Joy drops the helm—and Hope has fled,  
Pale Pleasure shrinks below.  
Where art thou Love? The billows roar  
Above thy vessel's deck:  
Love wakes upon distraction's shore,  
Shame's vortex 'gulfs the wreck!

---

#### DEPARTURE OF LA FAYETTE.

And thou wilt go? Then fare thee well,  
Thou great and good, thou more than man;  
Whose worth no human voice may tell,  
Whose virtues heaven alone may scan.

Nay, warrior, shrink not from our praise;  
It flows from fountains free and pure;  
'Tis gratitude the tribute pays,  
Of love as strong as heaven is sure.

Go to thy bright and blooming France!  
Yet think, ah, think all silently,  
When gazing on the vast expanse,  
What beating hearts are blessing thee!

Then to thy couch: in safety rest;  
 For vainly wind and waves contend;  
 Jehovah hath thy labours blest,  
 Approved thy work, and is thy friend.

We give thee all that thou canst claim;  
 We give thee all that God has given;  
 We write upon our hearts thy name,  
 And hope to meet our friend in heaven.

---

The following is the first piece of poetry that ever appeared with the signature of "BOSTON BARD." It was originally published in the Philadelphia "Democratic Press."

On reading the motion for bestowing pensions on our revolutionary Soldiers, &c.

"How sleep the brave who sink to rest  
 By all their country's *wishes* blest!"

How blest are you; ye honoured brave,  
 Who bared your breasts in bloody fray,  
 Your grateful country's rights to save,  
 And crush ambition's haughty sway;

How happy ye! how nobly blest,  
 Ye hoary chiefs, ye aged few,  
 Who hast'ning to your long, *last* rest,  
 Behold the *golden* age in view!

Hail! glorious age of noble deeds;  
 Hail! mighty *champions* of the *poor*!  
 The veteran's breast no longer bleeds,  
 Those tell-tales scars shall plead no more.

Who would not seek the bloody field,  
 And fearlss meet the stoutest foe,

When *wounds*, so *early*, richly yield  
A golden flower for every blow?

Who would not wear a *soldier's* plume,  
And dauntless view the battle cloud,  
For *CASH* (*in time*) to buy a *tomb*,  
And *fringe* to grace a soldier's *shroud*!

JANUARY 17, 1818.

---

**FAME, WEALTH, BEAUTY, AND RELIGION.**

VICTOR, what avails the wreath  
That late entwined thy brow?  
Alas! those flowers no longer breathe,  
For death hath laid thee low:  
And what avails the storied urn  
That blazons forth thy fame?  
The storied vase to dust shall turn;  
Oblivion blot thy name.

What too avails those scars so deep,  
Received in battle-fray?  
“*They're proofs of valor!*”—Time shall sweep  
Thy valor's proofs away:  
And what avails the minstrel's song  
That sounds thy glory forth;  
The minstrel's head shall rest ere long  
Upon the lap of earth.

AVARICE, what avails thy dreams  
Of happiness in gold?  
Thy funeral torch already gleams,  
Thy days on earth are told:  
What now avails thy hoarded wealth,  
Is it with thee inurned?

No; naked from the earth you came,  
And naked have returned.

And BEAUTY, what avails the rose  
That decks thy dimpled cheek?  
Age on thy head shall strew his snows,  
And death his vengeance wreak:  
And what avails thy form so fair,  
And eyes so heavenly bright?  
That form shall waste by sullen care,  
Those orbs shall set in night.

But, blest RELIGION! much avails  
Thy hopes of bliss in heaven;  
For though life's bark, by adverse gales,  
On death's dark shore be driven;  
Yet *thou* canst smile; thy steady eye  
Can pierce the cheerless gloom,  
And view through dark futurity,  
The day-spring of the tomb.

---

#### CHRISTMAS ODE.

Morn of Salvation! glorious morn,  
That saw Creation's Saviour born;  
That saw the star o'er Bethlehem rise,  
The star of peace in Bethlehem's skies;  
Again thy glad return we greet,  
And pour our prayers at Jesus' feet.

Blest star of peace! how cheer'd were those  
On whom thy quenchless light first rose;  
When first the doubtful shepherd's eye,  
Alone beheld thee, mount the sky,  
And owned His power to heal and bless,  
The sun of truth and righteousness!

Angel of Mercy! speed thy flight  
To those who grope in heathen night,  
Bear on thy wings, O! mercy, bear  
The purport of the christian's prayer;  
Through the wide world this truth proclaim,  
"Salvation's through **EMANUEL'S** name."

No more o'er a deluded world,  
Be war's red banner e'er unfurled;  
No more of man be man the foe,  
Seeking his fellow's overthrow;  
Let envy cease, let anger end,  
And man become of man, the friend.

The night of superstition's past,  
The morn of reason dawns at last;  
Where'er the christian's foot hath trod,  
Is known the true and living God;  
The distant Hindoo bends the knee,  
And clings with hope to **CALVARY**

And we, oh, son of righteousness!  
Who thy blest influence confess,  
Unto our feet be thou a light,  
Forever present, ever bright,  
To cheer our passage to that bourne  
Where all must stop, but none return!

---

**TO MY FRIEND W. H. PRINCE, ESQ.**

Why mourn we o'er the fallen flower,  
Though blighted in its bloom?  
Why shed the ineffectual shower,  
Why dread and weep its doom?  
Does it not still sweet fragrance shed?  
Can aught have *breath* and yet be *dead*?

Its leaves, indeed, are shrunk and sear,  
And prone in dust it lies;  
And evening drops a dewy tear,  
And summer's zephyr sighs:  
Yet can that zephyr's balmy breath  
To man proclaim; DECAY'S not DEATH.

Then, if the frail and humble flower  
Its essence life retain,  
Defying death's relentless power,  
When whirlwinds sweep the plain;  
Shall man alone his victim prove,  
Of all that live, and breathe, and move?

No—*Man ne'er dies!* Thro' flood and flame  
Unharm'd shall march the soul;  
Its birth-right blest shall it reclaim,  
And reach its destined goal;  
For Nature's simplest works deny  
That what hath lived can *ever* die!

---

#### LOSS OF THE U. S. SHIP WASP,

Supposed to have been sunk at sea, in an engagement during the night.

'Tis night!—Columbia's foe is nigh,  
And loud Columbia's thunders roar;  
'Tis night!—The war torch flameth high,  
And ocean's sounding surges pour;  
But ere the light  
Of morning bright  
Shall bid the sea bird soar,  
That bloody fight  
Shall close in night:  
Those foemen meet no more.

'Tis night!—Pale Cynthia's silver beams  
Are glittering on the murmuring wave;  
'Tis night!—The sea-mew's piercing screams  
No longer wake the slumbering brave;  
For, oh! they sleep  
In caverns deep,  
Where whirlwinds cease to rave:  
Where fairies weep,  
And vigils keep  
Around their hallowed grave.

'Tis morn!—Columbia's sighs proclaim  
That she hath heard the tale of wo;  
'Tis morn!—But, ah! her wreaths of fame  
Will never twine her BLAKELEY's brow:  
Yet o'er his urn  
Shall heroes mourn,  
And as their tear-drops flow;  
Their hearts shall burn,  
And proudly spurn  
The triumph of the foe.

---

#### SUNRISE AT SEA.

I saw thee rise, bright orb of Heaven!  
I saw thee rise from ocean's breast;  
The sight was fair—for calm as even  
The wearied waves had sunk to rest.

Refulgent orb, I saw thee climb,  
With lustre pure, the dark wove-clouds,  
Till thou hadst reached that height sublime  
Where DEITY himself enshrouds!

And thus, I thought, the christian's soul  
Should heaven-ward rise, fair sun, like thee;  
Till it should reach its blissful goal,  
Secure above life's troubled sea.  
Oh, then in vain the waves might roll  
To hide its native majesty!

---

TO A FRIEND.

*When true hearts are withered,  
And fond ones have flown,  
Oh! who would inhabit  
This bleak world alone. MOORE.*

We've met once more—and heaven above  
Is bright and beauteous o'er us;  
The birds are chanting lays of love,  
And flowerets spring before us:

We've met once more—and zephyrs play  
Around, beneath, above us;  
Ah! would their light wings bear for aye  
A sight from those who love us!

We've met once more—with friendly swell  
Our hearts have passed a greeting;  
But when, or where; ah, who may tell?  
Shall next be held our meeting!

We've met once more—to joy elate,  
Thy heart is ever waking;  
But mine is not so kind a fate,  
The minstrel's heart is breaking.

We've met once more; accept the lay  
Though mournfully it rises;



'Tis all you ask, all I can pay:  
Who gratitude despises!

---

## EPITAPH.

On a Doctor who had been a Shoe-maker.

Here lies the *powder* of a doctor's bones,  
Which time hath *pulverized* between *two stones*;  
*Portions* and *pills* in vain he *mixed* together,  
His *hide* shrunk up a shrivelled piece of leather;  
*Death* waxing warm, his *heels* one evening *tapped*,  
And in this *box*, at last, his *body capped*!

---

## I WOULD NOT WEAR, &amp;c.

I would not wear the warrior's wreath,  
I would not court his crown;  
For love and virtue sink beneath  
His dark and vengeful frown.

I would not seek my fame to build  
On glory's dizzy height;  
Her temple is with orphans fill'd,  
Blood soils her sceptre bright.

I would not wear the diadem,  
By folly prized so dear;  
For want and wo hath bought each gem,  
And every pearl's a tear.

I would not heap the golden dust  
That sordid spirits crave;  
For every grain, (by penury curst,)  
Is gathered from the grave.

No! Let my wealth unsullied be,  
My fame be virtuous youth;  
My wealth be kindness, charity,  
My diadem be truth.

---

The following stanzas, addressed to a little blind girl, daughter of the editor of the Village Record, derived an interest from the fact of the types being once composed by the little girl herself.

Mourn not that heaven to thee denied  
Its glorious light to see;  
For, calm as summer's silent tide,  
Thy days on earth shall peaceful glide,  
From vice and folly free.

Mourn not that thou may'st never gaze  
On aught of scenes below;  
How would it grieve thy heart to trace  
Upon a well-beloved face,  
The tear of wasting wo.

Mourn not; thou soon shalt urge thy flight  
To regions far away;  
And heaven restoring thee thy sight,  
Thy eyes shall open on the light,  
Of an eternal day.

---

#### THE GRAVE OF DENNIE.

Ah! who is he that sleepeth here,  
Where rose nor lily bloom?  
What spot that seemeth lone and drear;  
What weed-encircled tomb?

I hear the voice of answering wo:

"Immortal DENNIE sleeps below.

Stranger, that treadest o'er this mound,

Remember who is laid

Beneath the cold, but hallowed ground,

Whereon thy foot has strayed;

Check not the crystal offering dear,

The dust of DENNIE slumbereth here.

Ye virgins, to this tuft repair,

And deck your poet's urn;

Drop on the wreath affection's tear,

Then silently return:

Let all your steps be soft and slow,

Remember DENNIE sleeps below.

Ye sons of song, who hither come,

Your harps with cypress 'twined,

Oh! lay them silent on the tomb,

A BROTHER's here enshrined!

No earthly strain should dare to flow:

Remember, DENNIE sleeps below.

---

"A writer in an Albany paper, recommends as a punishment for counterfeiters, solitary imprisonment for life, and denial of the use of the Bible!"

What, first imprison; then deny

Of heavenly truth the light;

Plunge body first in misery,

Then spirit sink in night!

Forbid him gaze upon the scroll

To frailty's offspring given?

Put 'out the light that guides the soul  
To happiness in heaven?

What! say that he shall never look  
For pardon from his God;  
That virtue's path, if once forsook,  
Can never be retrod?

Can there exist in human heart,  
Revenge so deeply wrought?  
Lives there a man who does not start,  
Yea, shudder at the thought?

Oh! never, from the vilest wretch,  
Whom justice dooms to death,  
Should man withhold the sacred word  
Of inspiration's breath.

It is his last, his only stay,  
Within his earthly goal;  
It is in death; come when it may,  
The pillow of his soul.

---

**SONG.**

The lone little Cot at the foot of the Hill.

Wake, harp of New-England! awake to the praise  
Of a blest little spot, to thy bard ever dear,  
Where the thrush and the robin their merry notes  
raise,

By the waters of Schuylkill, so calm and so clear:  
When the mantle of night overshadows the plain,  
And the zephyr scarce dimples the face of the rill,  
Then, harp of New-England! Oh, cheer with thy  
strain

The sweet little cot,  
 The dear little cot,  
 The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.

'Twas here for a refuge, with her he loved best,  
 On the pinions of love to the cottage he flew,  
 And found an asylum of safety and rest,  
 Safe, safe in the arms of a merciful few:  
 Then here, when the shadows of eve steal along,  
 And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still;  
 Then harp of New-England! Oh cheer with thy

The blest little cot, [song

The dear little cot,

The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.

May contentment still smile, and peace ever reign  
 In the dwelling whose portals unbar to the poor;  
 Where the minstrel his song never chanted in vain,  
 And sorrow, unsoothed, never turned from the door:  
 Then here, when the shadows of eve steal along,  
 And the voice of the thrush and the robin is still,  
 Then, harp of New-England! Oh, cheer with thy

The sweet little cot, [song

The dear little cot,

The lone little cot at the foot of the hill.

---

**"WHO IS MY FRIEND?"**

Not the vile wretch whose sordid mind,  
 The slavish chains of avarice bind:  
 Whose stooping soul no pleasure knows,  
 Save what the dirty ore bestows.

Not him who ploughs the ocean wave,  
 His fellow-beings to enslave;

Who cannot make e'en want a plea  
For one lone act of cruelty.

Not him who light and knowledge spurns,  
And to the gloom of ignorance turns;  
Who dares his Maker's wrath defy,  
In impotence of blasphemy.

He is my friend, the friend I love,  
Who the reverse of these shall prove,  
Who loves his God; whose liberal mind  
Can feel for me and all mankind.

---

SONG.

Love, the leaves are falling round thee ;  
All the forest trees are bare;  
Winter's snow will soon surround thee,  
Soon will frost thy raven hair :  
Then say, with me,  
Love, wilt thou flee,  
Nor wait to hear sad autumn's prayer ?  
For winter rude  
Will soon intrude,  
Nor aught of summer's blushing beauties spare.

Love, the rose lies withering by thee,  
And the lily blooms no more ;  
Nature's charms will quickly fly thee,  
Chilling rains around thee pour :  
Oh, then with me,  
Love, wilt thou flee,  
Ere whirling tempests round thee roar,  
And winter dread  
Shall frost thy head,  
And all thy raven ringlets silver o'er ?

Love the moon is shining for thee;  
All the lamps of heaven are bright;  
Holy spirits glide before thee,  
Urging on thy tardy flight;  
Then say, with me,  
Love, wilt thou flee,  
Nor wait the sun's returning light?  
Time's finger rude,  
Will soon intrude  
Relentless, all thy blushing beauties blight!

Love, the flowers no longer greet thee,  
All their lovely hues have fled!  
No more the violet springs to meet thee,  
Lifting slow its modest head:  
Then say, with me,  
Love wilt thou flee  
And leave this darkling desert dread?  
And seek a clime  
Of joy sublime,  
Where fadeless flowers a lasting fragrance shed?

---

**A PICTURE.**

I knew him well; he was a gloomy wretch,  
And loved to dwell in murky shades,  
Brooding upon the fancied ills of life,  
And starting at the view of every form  
That bore a semblance of his fellow-man.  
His lips did deeply curse the glorious sun,  
That, rising, dared dispel the fearful shades,  
And draw aside the curtains of the night;  
To him the beauteous moon no pleasure brought,  
Her cheering beams, her mild and soothing light,

To his dark soul, were but the lurid flames  
That blazon forth the depths of deepest hell;  
And when the furious storm tremendous howled,  
Lifting the "foam-topt billows" to the heavens,  
Then would he climb some high projecting cliff,  
And gaze, with hellish joy, upon the wreck  
That strewed the vast and watery world below!  
Yet here, if in the momentary pause  
Of ocean's thunder, and the tempest's voice,  
Some shepherd's pipe, or lonely minstrel's strain  
Stole on his ear, the sweet, melodious sound,  
(Careering on the bosom of the storm,)  
He cursed! and rushing furious to his den,  
Set loose his tiger passions, and blasphemed  
Alike, his fellow-beings and his God!

---

STANZAS.

I took thee up, a little flower,  
Just bursting into birth,  
And which the rudely beating shower,  
Would soon have struck to earth.

I saw thee, and my bosom sighed  
To find thee thus depressed;  
I saw thee, and in pity cried  
"Come, warm thee in my breast."

And long upon my bosom warm,  
Thy drooping head has laid;  
Thy pillow soft—thy slumbers calm,  
And none to make afraid.

And now, wouldst thou thy happy home,  
Sweet flower, ungrateful leave?



On others waste thy blest perfume,  
And leave thy friend to grieve?

Thou canst not prove so thankless yet,  
The thought alone would kill;  
Come, I will all thy faults forget,  
And love thee dearly still.

---

**TO THE MEMORY OF MY FATHER.**

Father I have not seen thy bed of clay,  
Since to that bed I saw thy form consigned;  
Scarce then, unbidden turned my eyes away,  
I could not see, I dared not look behind.

I had a heart: but chilly then it grew;  
I had a soul, but then it scarce did feel;  
Cold on my brow hung drops of chilly dew,  
My eyes did stupor with its signet seal.

I knew not then her arm in mine was locked  
Who gave me, wretched, wretched being, birth;  
And scarce had known, though to its centre rock'd  
Convulsed: before me yawned the quiv'ring earth.

"I cannot feel again as then I felt,"  
For misery now hath paralyzed my heart;  
Too much on scenes of sorrow hath it dwelt,  
That death should e'er such pain impart.

Father, my hopes were buried with thee;  
In thy dark mansion do they repose;  
And now I'm wrecked upon a stormy sea,  
A void of darkness, that no sunshine knows.

Nay; there is yet one quenchless, heavenly ray,  
One lamp, whose light this waste of wo still cheers;  
One star, that brightly beams athwart the way,  
One sun that shines upon this world of tears.

Father, this ray did beam upon thee here;  
Father, this lamp thy darkness did illumine;  
Father, this star the night of death did cheer;  
Father, this sun now radiates thy tomb!

Oh, blest Religion! cheer me with thy light;  
Shine on my darkness—sooth my soul's despair;  
Be thou my lamp in sorrow's rayless night,  
And for thy joys my spirit broke prepare.

Father, no sculptured marble marks thy grave;  
No stone proclaims where thou art lowly laid!  
A few frail flowers alone above thee wave,  
When dew-eyed Spring weeps o'er thy humble bed.

But, father, thou a monument shalt claim  
More welcome than the senseless work of art;  
A living monument shall bear thy name,  
'Tis in our bosoms; 'tis thy offspring's heart!

---

#### A NEW YEAR'S APOSTROPHE.

"How fares our COUNTRY?"—Patrons, she maintains  
A place among the nations of the earth:  
Her plume of glory waves as proud and high,  
As when on Erie's breast the star gem flag  
Triumphant rose! Or, when above the walls  
Of faithless Tripoli, it rode the breeze,  
And told her servile Dey, a stronger hand  
Than ever grasped her glittering crescent's staff,

Columbia's banner clenched, and held as firm,  
As him of old—when in his giant arms  
He grasped the pillars of Philistia's strength,  
And ground her marble palaces to dust.  
“ Our Country!—sacred—soul-endearing name!  
Where—where on earth, but on Columbia's shore,  
Can Freedom rest, nor dip her foot in blood?  
Where, where, Columbia, but upon thy breast;  
Can exiled valor find its wished repose?  
Turn not to Switzerland!—her fairest fields  
Are whitened with her bravest offspring's bones!  
Fly not to France! her kennels flow with blood!  
To England? No. Oppression there is seen  
In other forms: but still as keenly felt!  
With thee, Columbia! and with thee alone,  
Is Freedom only to be found? Art thou,  
Columbia kind to all the human race?  
Are all thy shores to misery's children free?  
Dost thou that mercy show, which thou has felt?  
Is all thy boast of liberty a truth?  
Alas! there is a blot upon thy fame!  
There is a foul, a deep and damning stain,  
That soils the very soul of Liberty;  
Pollutes her flag; and dyes her snowy robes  
In human blood! There is a blighting curse  
That mixes with thy prayers and cries to heaven  
For speedy vengeance on thy guilty sons!  
It rises on the breath of every breeze  
That fans the sultry regions of the south!  
Yea, from the sacred altar of the church,  
The NEGRO's curse precedes the Pastor's prayer;  
And while he asks for mercy on his flock,  
The sighs and groans of Afric's injured race  
Still louder call for justice on their heads!

Shame on the freeman! everlasting shame!  
 Who boasts of liberty, and owns a slave!  
 Who talks of freedom while his purple scourge  
 Is reeking with his fellow-creature's blood;  
 Who lifts, in mockery, the sacramental cup,  
 And while he drinks, pollutes its hallowed wave  
 With tears from Afric's bleeding bosom wrung!  
 Spurn him, ye christians! spurn him from your walks!  
 Let not his wealth or power extort your praise;  
 Indignant frown upon his proffered gold;  
 And never may the gladdening ray of hope,  
 Or lovely woman's soul-enchanting smile,  
 E'er dawn upon the darkness of his mind,  
 Till he shall bid oppression's galling chain  
 From all his slaves, in useless fragments fall!

\* \* \* \* \*

"How thrives our Navy?"—Why, Herculean still!  
 Although in infancy, her snowy sails  
 Woo to their folds the storms of every sea,  
 Unharm'd amid the whirling tempest's rage,  
 The ocean's thunder, and the lightning's glare;  
 Bold are the tars that man and square her yards!  
 Firm are the feet that tread her oaken decks;  
 A braver few, Old Ocean's mighty queen  
 In child-hood never cradled on her breast,  
 Nursed in the storms that sweep their native plains,  
 Adventurous as the EAGLE, in his flight;  
 Their little bark to every clime they steer,  
 And mock at danger, as they scorn despair.

---

**"BETTER NOT."**

WHENE'ER I see an honest wight,  
 Whose barns are crowded o'er,

Climbing ambition's dizzy height  
In search of something more;  
Leave his wife and children dear,  
And groaning at his lot,  
I fain would whisper in his ear  
Dear Bill, you'd "BETTER NOT."

If in my walks I chance to find  
A youth of talents rare,  
Destroying body, soul and mind,  
To drown a trifling care:  
The rose decaying on his cheek,  
A bloated, filthy sot;  
I would that heaven itself would speak,  
And say, you'd "BETTER NOT,"

Take care, my charming rural maid!  
Trust not thy lover's arms,  
For know, thy sex are most betrayed  
When most their beauty charms:  
Although he promise smooth and fair,  
His vows may be forgot;  
Although he oft his love declare,  
Dear girl, you'd "BETTER NOT."

---

#### PATRIOTIC SONG.

Behold, from the brow of the mountain advancing,  
The goddess of freedom appears to our view;  
On the breath of the zephyr her tresses are dancing,  
And sunbeams illumine each spangle of dew;  
Full gladly she welcomes the morn of her glory,  
Serenely she smiles on the land of the free;  
With rapture retraces the page of her story,  
And chats with the veterans she nursed on her knee.

Oh, fair is the land that our fathers defended,  
And brilliant the æra of Liberty's birth;  
And blest are the chieftains whose valor is blended  
With virtue and wisdom, true honour and worth;  
Here plenty and peace bless the toil of the peasant,  
The smile of sincerity beams in his cot;  
His offspring are healthy, good-natured and pleasant,  
And gratitude's tribute is never forgot.

Oh, cold must the heart be, and callous to feeling,  
And sear as the floweret on Araby's plain,  
Where the stream of compassion, pale sorrow congeal-  
ing,  
Has left not a tear for the memory of WAYNE;  
And treacherous the memory that thinks not when  
roaming  
The fields and the groves where the wood-robin sings,  
That here, where old CHESTER in beauty is blooming,  
Once wandered the pride and "Companion of Kings."\*

Then, lift the full goblet, and drink to the glory  
Of those who are lost in the night of the tomb,  
Whose names are enrolled on the records of story,  
Whose honor and valor unfadingly bloom:  
Lift, lift the full goblet; away with all sorrow,  
The circle of friendship what freeman would sever?  
To-day is our own; and a fig for to-morrow,  
Here's "The fourth of July, and WEST-CHESTER for-  
ever!"

\* BENJAMIN WEST, Esq. a native of Chester county, Pennayl-  
vania.

**STANZAS,**

On releasing a BEE, from the fangs of a Spider.

Fly, little trembler! quickly fly,  
The spider's fangs have pierced thee sore,  
But thou shalt find a balsam nigh  
That will at once thy health restore.

Go, and enjoy life's little hour,  
And short, indeed, life's hour to thee;  
Go, drink the dews of every flower,  
And taste the sweets of liberty.

And should'st thou see the faithful friend,  
Who freed thee from the spider's clasp,  
Lured by a wily, tempting fiend,  
Into a catch-pole's iron grasp;

Then on thy swiftest pinions flee,  
Nor wait a moment to repose,  
Till thou has set his captive free,  
By stinging well the rascal's nose.

---

**TO \*\*\*\*\*.**

Oh, I do love thine eye of blue,  
Thus softly mild, thus mildly bright;  
And yet I cannot bear to view  
That frown which even hope would blight.

When first I gazed, O moment sweet!  
Methought thy breast was mercy's throne;  
Where love, at least, would pity meet,  
That pity sooth my bosom lone.

But thou art false, thy heart is cold,  
Yea, cold as Zembla's frozen clime,  
Whose barren shores, with ice enrolled,  
Ne'er waked the soul to aught sublime.

Yet I have loved, yes, loved too well,  
And still would love, though hope has fled;  
But thy indifference says farewell,  
And chills the tears that love would shed.

And I have done, for vain's the strife  
With tears to melt thy frozen breast,  
So fare thee well, but may thy life  
Be calm and bright as mine's unblest.

---

#### HOBOKEN.\*

To the dark, bloody shore of HOBOKEN is gliding  
The skiff of false honour, deep freighted and strong;  
And the sceptre of murder its helm is bestriding,  
While the fiends of false friendship propel it along.

Lo, their feet press the strand which the billows are  
laving,  
Nor heed they the night-bird that screams through the  
air,  
And proclaims that e'er long o'er a corse shall be  
waving  
The high knotty pine, the thorn, and the briar.

The battle is closed, and all ghastly and bleeding,  
The friend of his murderer hath sunk to the earth;  
And the skiff from the beach is full quickly receding,  
While the fate of true friendship's their subject of mirth.

\* This place is opposite New-York, on the Jersey shore, and has become notorious as the battle-ground of duelists.



**Now** the spirit of Cain on the steep is reclining,  
**While** the dæmons of darkness dance light o'er the  
ground;  
**And** the grim fiends of hell for the MURDERER are twin-  
ing  
**The** flowers of the nightshade his temples around.

---

#### LIFE'S FOUR SEASONS.

The spring of life is smiling INFANCY,  
Its fervid summer, YOUTH, brimful of glee;  
Its autumn, MANHOOD, weighed with wasting care,  
Its frozen winter, AGE, which ends life's year.

---

#### TO A SLEEPING INFANT.

Sleep, baby, sleep! and may no dream  
Of horror make thee weep;  
Though life to thee full long may seem,  
'Tis but a bubble on the stream,  
A dimple on the deep.

Sleep, baby, sleep! thy little woes  
Maternal love can calm:  
Sleep, baby, sleep! such sweet repose  
The noon of manhood never knows,  
It feeleth no such charm.

Sleep, baby, sleep! thy morning sun  
Advanceth to its height;  
Its race is short and quickly run,  
A moment shineth, and is done,  
For ever sunk in night.

**"DON'T BELIEVE IT JO."**

My uncle Tim, a thoughtful wight,  
Who watched my early youth,  
Was fond of every sentence trite  
That wore the face of truth;  
And when through life alone to steer,  
Ambition bade me go,  
He only whispered in my ear,  
"Don't, don't believe it Jo."

To FAME, my suit I first addressed,  
She heard my ardent prayer,  
With love of glory warmed my breast  
And bade me not despair:  
I followed long, but REASON came,  
With silent step and slow,  
And louder than the blast of fame  
Cried, "Don't believe it, Jo."

Then PLEASURE next resolved to try,  
A wanton filled my arms;  
Warmed in the sunshine of her eye,  
I revelled in her charms;  
But short her reign, for conscience woke,  
To find me sunk so low ;  
I listened, and the spell was broke  
With, "Don't believe it Jo."

INTEMPERANCE now I swift pursued,  
And madly grasped the bowl;  
Inflamed and poisoned all my blood,  
And strove to drown my soul;  
'Twas vain, true FRIENDSHIP loudly cried,  
The goblet's joys forego;  
And e'en the fiend himself replied,  
"Don't, don't believe me Jo."

Fame, Pleasure and Intemperance spurned,  
Heart-sickened and decayed,  
To virtue's path again I turned,  
And sought RELIGION's aid;  
She smiled, and with a holy tear  
Embalmed each wound of wo;  
Then softly whispered in my ear,  
"Believe, believe me Jo."

Now, homeward as I wend my way,  
Each toil and duty o'er,  
If e'er my wayward fancy stray,  
And tell me I am poor,  
From virtue's smile the truth direct,  
Must still for ever flow;  
And conscience will the lie detect  
With, "Don't believe it, Jo."

---

**COOPER'S "SPY."**

Thank heaven! one daring author now is found,  
Though but a "SPY" upon the "NEUTRAL GROUND."  
Who hath, by Yankee skill and genius led,  
A work produced, that both is praised and read!  
COOPER, thy fame with its bright era blends,  
For now our country and ourselves are friends:  
Our blinking orbs a living light illumines;  
The wreath of genius round each temple blooms:  
Our strength we feel, that strength resolve to try,  
Nor longer halt at mediocrity!  
A "middle flight" no more the muse essays,  
But high as Ida's top directs her gaze;  
And, like the Eagle, in his heaven-ward flight,  
She soars to meet the quenchless source of light.  
Auspicious era! hallowed be thy birth,

Confirming humbled Yankee taste and worth;  
 The wholesale dealer in men's brains, no more  
 Shall close on fancy's child the grating door;  
 But each shall strive each other to outbid,  
 Each iron chest, self-acting, ope its lid!  
 No more, in attic high, with cobwebs deck'd,  
 Shall genius' sons experience cold neglect,  
 But the front parlour, with piano, graced,  
 And lolling settee, by the side-board placed,  
 With all that's rare in nature and in art,  
 Shall now conspire to glad the poet's heart!

And e'en my muse, unskilled in lore to shine,  
 Anticipates a balmy draught of wine!  
 Nay more, an invitation e'en to dine!  
 For though as yet, from her half-famished throat,  
 Ne'er issued, but an inharmonious note,  
 No doubt she will, when she her whistle wets,  
 And all her numerous grievances forgets;  
 No doubt she will, with strength renewed, arise,  
 Purge the foul film that long hath dimmed her eyes,  
 Replume her wings of every earthly stain,  
 And wake in virtue's cause the classic strain.

---

#### ELEGY ON MY DOG.

"Dogs are honest creatures;  
 They never fawn on what they love not."

Poor BLACKEE from old Albion came,  
 A terrier lady she;  
 She raised among the rats a fame,  
 To all posterity.

In vain the murderous *Robespierres*\*  
 Against her life combined;

\* The Watchmen, acting as canine butchers.

She knew a jack ass by his ears,  
And smelt a villain's mind!

True in her trust, no gallant e'er  
Seduced her from her duty;  
She always fled a rakish leer,  
Though from an eye of beauty.

A patriot soul she sure possess'd,  
To cross the roaring flood,  
To seek a kennel in the west,  
Where all the folk are good.

Peace to her bones, where'er they lay,  
For Blackee's soul was meek;  
Her offspring shall protect her clay,  
And whine what they would speak.

Whoe'er as well shall keep his trust,  
As she whom I have sung,  
His memory shall survive his dust,  
Unhurt by slander's tongue.

---

#### ORIENTAL SONG.

The tiger growls where Azim sleeps,  
Its poisonous tears the Upas weeps;  
The panther's lair is Azim's grave,  
Azim the ingrate and the brave.

The burning sun looks on his turf,  
His requiem but the moaning surf;  
Above his corse, commingling, lay,  
The bones of desert-monster's prey.

Azim was kind, but Azim slew,  
In frenzied moed, a brother true;

Allah looked down upon the deed,  
Azim the ingrate's doomed to bleed.

Upon the sands his bleeding corse  
Is mangled by the trampling horse,  
Till the hot Siroc kindly blows,  
And o'er his bones the dust-heap throws.

The tiger growls where Azim sleeps,  
Its poisonous tears the Upas weeps;  
The panther's lair is Azim's grave,  
Azim the ingrate and the brave.

---

**CONSUMPTION.**

Thou herald pale of death and fate,  
Cadaverous and cold,  
What numerous pains thy presence wait,  
What mortal woes untold!

Chill flows the warm and genial blood,  
Beneath thy angry nod,  
And briefly perish in the bud  
The fairest works of God.

Relentless tyrant of our race!  
Deceiver of the wise,  
Death shows his image in thy face,  
And he thou lookest on—dies!

Aye withers silent, sad and pale;  
Though slow his doom, yet sure;  
Thy breath empisons every gale,  
Thy victim to secure.

To-day thy flattery lulls our fear,  
And health trips jocund by;

To-morrow all our hopes are sear,  
And o'er the wreck we sigh;

Our spirits sink depressed and weak,  
The orbs of vision close;  
Death sets his seal upon the cheek,  
We sink beneath our woes.

Yet, hail! thou tyrant fell and dread,  
Thy ghastly visage show;  
So oft this heart before hath bled,  
It fears no future blow.

Come prey upon this wasting form,  
Thy tortures all combine;  
Pour on this head the fiercest storm,  
Till I, Oh Death, am thine.

---

#### THE SWORD OF WASHINGTON.

I asked the sword in ancient hall,  
Why rusting there it laid;  
And why 'twas deaf to the sufferer's call,  
And why unbared its blade?

And the sword said, "Alas! for the days  
Of beardless chiefs have come;  
And there's none my ponderous weight can raise  
At the roll and beat of the drum."

And I asked the sword when first its blade  
Bright glistened in the sun?  
And the sword said, as it rusting laid,  
"In the days of WASHINGTON!"

And wilt thou ne'er from thy slumbers 'wake  
 When thou hearest the patriot's cry?  
 Is there none that e'er thy blade shall take,  
 And strike for liberty?

And the sword said, "When the days shall come  
 My master lives again,  
 Then shall my blade at the beat of the drum,  
 Sever the bigot's chain!"

The dread sword ceased, and a chieftain came,  
 And he wrote on its sheath "**BOLIVAR!**"  
 And the mighty brand leapt into his hand,  
 And the South saw liberty's star!

---

#### THE COTTAGE.

Oh, blest is he, in lonely cot,  
 Whose feet ne'er learnt to roam  
 Beyond the small and peaceful spot,  
 That bounds his humble home.

No anxious care his peace invades,  
 No sorrow rends his breast,  
 But, happy 'neath his native shades,  
 Believes, and therefore's blest.

To heaven at eve his heart bestows  
 The grateful tribute due,  
 Then seeks, and finds that sweet repose  
 Which luxury never knew.

And when the icy touch of death,  
 That chills life's purple stream,  
 Bids him resign his fleeting breath,  
 And proves that "life's a dream;"



Not softer fans the gentle breeze  
Old ocean's buoyant breast,  
Not softer glide midsummer seas,  
Than sinks his soul to rest.

---

**WHERE SHALL THE WEARY REST?—BIBLE.**

Eternal power of heaven and earth!  
High arbiter of fate,  
Whose word gave worlds and systems birth,  
Diminutive and great;  
Oh, where upon this changing ball  
Shall man be truly blest?  
On whom shall he for mercy call,  
“WHERE SHALL THE WEARY REST?”

Shall he upon AMBITION's steep  
His troubled soul repose?  
Or seek upon the mighty deep  
A cradle for his woes?  
AMBITION's steep is crowned with thorns  
That deeply wound the breast;  
The sea has storms, and proudly scorns  
To be his PLACE OF REST.

Shall FAME her golden trumpet sound,  
To ease his aching head?  
Or Beauty strew her roses round,  
And form his heart a bed?  
The trump of FAME, though loudly blown,  
Her votary never blest;  
And BEAUTY's cheek is folly's throne,  
But not a PLACE OF REST.

Shall he the vengeance dread out-brave,  
Of thy almighty arm?

Seek in the cold and humid grave  
 For all his ills a balm?  
 Shall he forever here remain,  
 No more by woes oppress?  
 Wilt thou not wake his sleep again,  
 IS THIS THE SINNER'S REST?

AMBITION's steep, nor OCEAN's wave,  
 Nor BEAUTY's rosy bower,  
 Nor voice of FAME, nor silent GRAVE,  
 Can sooth his soul an hour:  
 When bleak and rude life's tempests blow,  
 Unfriended and unblest,  
 To thee, our FATHER, should we go,  
 Thy BOSOM IS OUR REST.

---

**TO A LADY,**

The summer's past, the harvest's o'er,  
 The wintry winds are near,  
 The swallow seeks a milder shore,  
 The leaf is dead and sear;  
 The tree is stripped, its fruits decayed,  
 Its verdure is no more;  
 The rosebud on the earth is laid,  
 The robin's song is o'er.

The scythe hath laid the field-flower low,  
 The sickle, low the corn;  
 The axe compels the oak to bow,  
 The lark hails not the morn:  
 The daisy's root the plough hath torn,  
 The honey-suckle's dead;  
 The rose-leaf on the blast is borne,  
 All summer's sweets are fled.

Angelic maid, thy summer too  
As soon will pass away.  
And thy warm cheek of roseate hue,  
E'en as the rose decay;  
Yes soon the wintry wind of death  
O'er thy fair form shall play,  
And like the blast that sweeps the heath,  
Shall bear thy sweets away.

Oh, then dear girl, direct thy flight  
To that more genial shore,  
Where autumn's blasts can never blight  
Thy fadeless beauty more;  
Where He who robes himself in light,  
And stills the tempest's roar,  
Shall clothe thee in that beauty bright  
That blooms when "TIME'S NO MORE."

---

#### MY FRIEND MY CAT AND ME.

Let winter come, with chilling look,  
And strip the summer bower;  
He cannot rob me of my book,  
Or philosophic hour;  
Yes let him come with aspect chill,  
The leaves strip from the tree,  
There's three that can be happy still,  
My friend, my cat, and me.

The storm may howl, the snow may fall,  
The frost may glitter bright;  
I heed them not, while on the wall  
The hearth-fire shows its light;  
Nor care I how the wind may blow,  
If from a dun I'm free;

For little will suffice, you know,  
My friend, my cat, and me.

The fool may pleasure take in wealth,  
I covet not his pelf;  
He's richer, who's a mind in health,  
Who does not fear himself;  
How sweet to hope for brighter days,  
Though they should never be,  
While warm we sit before the blaze,  
My friend, my cat, and me.

And when old age with silent pace,  
Strews o'er our heads his snows,  
Ploughs furrows deep upon the face,  
And steals the full blown rose,  
How sweet 'twill be, when death shall come,  
To know that then we three  
Shall sleep together in one tomb,  
My friend, my cat, and me.

---

#### LOVE'S TO-NIGHT, AND TO-MORROW.

The moon-beam on the wave is sleeping,  
And Venus' star is burning bright;  
And beauty through her lattice peeping,  
Has beckon'd Love to her to-night.

With gems of dew his ringlets shining,  
His beauteous bow all careless hung,  
With roses round his temples twining,  
Thus soft in Laura's ear he sung:

"My barque is beating o'er the billow,  
Oh, speed with me across the sea;

This faithful breast shall be thy pillow,  
The moon alone our lamp shall be."

The list'ning maiden, all complying,  
To beauty's bower has bade adieu;  
And o'er the sea with Love she's flying,  
What port, alas! has she in view?

A cloud appears, a storm presaging,  
On Love she calls, Oh, where is he!  
The angry billows loud are raging,  
Why comes not Love to still the sea?

Oh, maiden, maiden, vain thy sorrow,  
Frail, faithless Love has wing'd his flight;  
Joy's barque is dash'd, and Love's to-morrow  
Will rise in shame, and set in night.

---

**STANZAS.**

'Tis said the cypress we should see  
So oft the lyre entwine,  
That woke its morning melody  
At love and beauty's shrine;  
That knew no strain of guilt or guile,  
And claimed no boon but virtue's smile.

'Tis sad to see the flowerets die,  
When in their brightest bloom;  
To hear the hoarse wind's heavy sigh  
Proclaim their timeless doom;  
To think how sweet and bright they were,  
I mark, alas! what now they are.

'Tis sad to feel, how slender, weak,  
The tendrils of the heart;

How light an ill can blanch the cheek,  
And mark the power of art;  
How easy 'tis the soul to shake,  
The mind debase, the spirit break.

But *sweet* it is, to know that we  
In *ONE* may place our trust,  
Who from temptation can us free,  
And raise us from the dust;  
Who mercy loves, delights to save,  
Whose voice obeys th' insatiate grave!

---

**THE BARQUE OF THE MOUNTAIN.**

'Tis the barque of the mountain! the boat of the steep!  
She comes like a vision all cheering and bright;  
From the lake she emerges; she hails the blue deep,  
And looks on the regions of glory and light.

How dear to the freeman the presage she bears!  
How dear to his bosom the prospects she brings;  
She shines like a star through the vista of years,  
While the minstrel of time thus enchanting sings:

"Lo, the pine of the mountain, the oak of the hill,  
Shall brave the rude blast of the boundless abyss,  
Thy garners, Vermont, Europe's riches shall fill,  
And the wave of the Lake the Atlantic shall kiss.

"With gratitude then shall thy offspring revere  
The science that taught thee the harvest to reap;  
That bade to the ocean the landsman to steer,  
His barque of the mountain and boat of the steep."

Written at the request of an ailing gentleman, whose friend had made his wife a present of a neat's tongue.

Thy gift hath made me worse, my friend,  
Though for that gift I sung;  
Hard was you heart, indeed, to send  
My wife another tongue!

But at the joke, dear George, I'll wink,  
Submissive to my doom;  
And in excuse of 'thee I'll think  
Thou'dst one to *spare at home!*

---

SPAIN.

Unhappy Spain? what ills await  
Thy bright and blooming shore!  
Of monarchs leagued the lurking hate,  
Whose voice proclaims thy fearful fate,  
To bow, or be no more!

How wilt thou breast the bursting flood  
Of regal strength and rage?  
Of kings, who wade through seas of blood,  
To blight man's freedom in the bud,  
And blot life's brightest page.

Will ye unmoved ~~the~~ tempest brave,  
Unyielding meet the foe;  
Your breasts repel the invading wave,  
Your country from oppression save,  
And ward the impending blow?

Or will ye kneel and kiss the rod  
Of purple pride and power?  
Shall that dread path again be trod

That led thy offspring from their God,  
And op'd of hell the door?

No. Ye have seen the blessed light,  
Have drunk of freedom's cup;  
Have felt the curse of slavery's blight,  
Been whelmed in superstition's night,  
And heaven hath raised ye up.

The day hath dawned: the galling yoke,  
The fetters of the slave,  
As lightning rends the gnarled oak,  
The Spaniard's arm in twain hath broke,  
He has, he dares be brave.

And you, ye spoilers of a world,  
Ye crowned insulting things;  
In vain the bolt of vengeance's hurled,  
The flag of Spain no more is furled,  
But to the King of kings.

The light of soul, of reason's ray,  
The glorious march of mind,  
Whose course no sceptered hand can stay,  
Defies the jealous tyrant's sway,  
And frees from thrall mankind.

---

To the author of a poetical communication, dated at Yorktown, West  
Chester County, New-York.

I'll not forget thee, Well I know  
The worth of friends sincere,  
For I have dregged the cup of wo,  
And felt the burning tear.  
I'll not forget thee, Time will haste  
Mild summer's sweets to bring;



And on the wild, neglected waste,  
The flowerets fresh shall spring.

I'll not forget thee. When the rose,  
Erst nipped by winter rude,  
Shall by its fragrant breath disclose  
To spring its gratitude;  
When soft the scented zephyrs come,  
Like beauty's balmy sigh,  
When bees their song of labor hum,  
Think thou that I am nigh.

I'll not forget thee. Wilt thou deign  
To touch thy harp for me?  
Forever welcome is its strain,  
E'er blest its minstrelsy;  
And long the chaplet fair of fame  
Shall be preserved with care;  
But 'tis too bright, nay, do not blande,  
For brow like mine to wear.



**TO A FEMALE OF THE SOCIETY OF FRIENDS.**

God bless thee, lady, wheresoe'er  
Thy feet on earth sojourn;  
And be life's setting sun as clear  
As when it rose, thy friends to cheer  
In childhood's cloudless morn.

Still, in thy chaste and meek array,  
Walk thou upon the earth;  
Heed not the follies of the gay,  
Those thoughtless beings of a day;  
There's ONE who knows thy worth.

He, who a wretched world to save,  
Descended from his throne,  
Drank deep of sorrow's bitter wave,  
Expired, was buried, burst the grave,  
And made his triumph known;

He, lady, with complacent eye,  
Thy meekness will regard;  
And when the last trump sounds on high,  
Earth flits away, and fades the sky,  
That meekness shall reward.

For He hath said, "Blest are the meek;"  
And He the meek shall bless:  
Though fools should jeer, contemptuous speak,  
If e'er the blood unto thy cheek  
In anger forward press;

Remember Him who died for thee,  
Who gave His life for all;  
Whose garment was humility,  
Who said, "As I am, thus be ye;"  
And straight the blush recal.

---

**STANZAS.**

Go, mark him on the shattered mast.

Go, mark him on the shattered mast,  
When lightnings round him play;  
When death, upon the whirling blast,  
Frowns dreadful o'er his prey!

Think ye he fears that awful form?  
Think ye he shrinks with dread,  
When lightnings, gleaming through the storm,  
Flash round his hapless head?

Ah, no! Forth from the foaming surge  
That rolls tremendous by,  
He sees a spirit pure emerge,  
And hails her cheering eye.

Unseen by all, save him alone,  
Whom now he comes to save,  
She shines on ocean's azure throne,  
A star upon the wave.

This star, O WOMAN, is thy soul!  
This spirit pure art thou:  
The sea-boy owns thy blest controul,  
Bright gem on danger's brow!

If thou but shew thy heavenly form  
Above life's darkling sea,  
We laugh to scorn the howling storm,  
And jest with misery.

---

#### THE JUBILEE OF DEATH.

I hate thee MARCH! The chilling winds  
That rude and ceaseless blow,  
Like envy, still some weakness finds,  
And bids it greater grow.

Thy suns are like the lurking smiles  
Seduction's cheek displays;  
Who loves, though murdered by his wiles,  
On virtue's wreck to gaze.

Fickle as woman's love, and fell  
As woman's direst hate,  
The lists of death thy breezes swell,  
And wing the shaft of fate.

I hate thee, MARCH! Thy name I fear,  
And shudder at thy breath;  
In truth thou art, in every year,  
The Jubilee of Death!

---

**FOREIGN TOURISTS.**

We've borne your *censure*, nay, delight  
In all your vast assurance;  
But, ah! the *praise* of sweet Miss Wright,  
'Tis really past *endurance*!

---

**TO MY FRIEND DR. MOORE HOIT.**

Rejoice with me, for thou canst feel  
The influence sweet of spring;  
Her soothing power the heart can heal,  
Our stooping hopes upwing.

Rejoice with me, for thou wilt own  
Creation's perfect whole;  
And from the footstool to the throne  
Lift up thy grateful soul.

Rejoice with me; thou hast an eye  
That nature's beauty sees;  
An ear that lists the zephyr's sigh,  
A heart that song can please.

Rejoice with me; the birds return,  
And sweet the strains they pour;  
And flowers are budding round the urn  
Of those whose loves are o'er.

Rejoice with me; the sun-beam plays,  
And winter's race is run;

Oh, let us bathe in living rays,  
And love the Fountain-Sun.

Rejoice with me, for Death can ne'er  
The spirit's beauty blight;  
Its march is to a glorious sphere,  
Of friendship, love, and light.

---

**DE WITT CLINTON.**

"But for his ambition I slew him."

When unborn ages shall inquire  
Who bade the waters flow,  
Where erst the Indian lit the pyre,  
To agonize the foe;  
What answer then, on history's page,  
Will the inquirer read?  
The answer of a fleeted age,  
"AMBITION did the deed.

And when the youth of after-times  
Shall ask the hoary sire,  
As the steep hill of fame he climbs,  
And glows with patriot fire,  
Who proved of lore the steady friend,  
And taught the child of need?  
Time's tongue the answer forth shall send,  
"AMBITION did the deed."

When patriots of a distant date,  
With warm emotions ask,  
What power of wealth unbarred the gate,  
And folly dared unmask;  
How will the vital flood, in rage,  
Back to the heart recede,

When, lo! he finds on history's page,  
 "AMBITION did the deed."

What SINS, ambition curst are thine!  
 What crimes thy history mar;  
 A baleful meteor dost thou shine,  
 An evil boding star:  
 But, but for thee, had CLINTON's fame  
 All gloriously have shone;  
 Affection's lips had blest his name,  
 Where freedom's voice was known!

Too SAD the theme. The patriot muse  
 No more the lyre shall sweep;  
 And while the withered flowers she strews,  
 For CLINTON shall she weep;  
 Brief be his epitaph, and bright,  
 When life's poor farce is o'er;  
 Three words are all we need to write,  
 "CANAL—AMBITION—LORE!"

---

#### TO A TARDY SPRING.

Oh, haste thee, spring, and strew around  
 The fairest of thy flowers;  
 With roses deck the verdant mound,  
 And on the cold and thirsty ground,  
 Oh, pour thy warmest showers;

Thy mantle green, with dew-drops dight,  
 Oh, haste thee to unfold;  
 Quench not with tears yon orb of light,  
 That fain would peep from winter's night,  
 Thy beauties to behold.

Why should'st thou mourn a ruthless sire,  
Who stripped thee of thy charms;  
Denied a seat before his fire,  
Destroyed the warmth of young desire,  
And froze thee in his arms?

Cheer up, cheer up, my bonny maid,  
And to the woodlands hie;  
The debt parental's amply paid,  
Of April, sure you're not afraid,  
Although she makes you cry.

Here's sister May swift coming on,  
And nearly froze to death;  
Why don't you now to meet her run,  
And warm her with a little sun,  
Before she's out of breath.

And here comes June, half frozen too,  
Behind his sister May;  
Jack frost has trodden on his toe,  
His wig is covered up in snow,  
He hasn't heart to pray.

But if you won't take my advice,  
And cease to frown and fret,  
July, who's coming in a trice,  
Will soon dissolve your heart of ice,  
And put you in a sweat.



TO \*\*\*\*\*.

If I forget thee, then may heaven  
Forget to hear my prayer;

And may my barque, on quicksands driven,  
Sink, friendless, in despair.

Where'er my wandering feet shall stray,  
Where'er my muse shall rest,  
Still shalt thou claim her sweetest lay,  
Still dwell within my breast.

My faults are many, and I know  
My virtues are but few;  
But still I feel my bosom glow  
With honest love to you.

I bring not penury as excuse  
For errors of the head;  
Nor plead the frailty of the muse,  
When folly's road I tread.

Alas! I feel that every wo  
Which I through life have known,  
Has, and continues still, to flow  
From follies all my own.

The fruit that proves the richest food,  
On rugged soils may grow;  
And streams are often pure and good,  
That through foul channels flow.

The flowers of poesy fairer bloom  
In death, than at their birth;  
*Within the dark and narrow tomb*  
*Man weighs of man the worth.*

'Tis true that friendship often dies  
When wealth and fame decay;  
And love replumes his wings and flies  
To shun a wintry day.



But never shall the friendly tie,  
That binds my soul to thee,  
By haggard want or misery,  
Asunder severed be.

---

**STANZAS,**

To the author of some illiberal "Observations on a Married life,"  
published in the Boston Magazine.

Say, who art thou, with lips profane,  
And heart more cold than Zembla's snows,  
Who dares thus publicly proclaim  
That marriage is the worst of woes?

What writhing serpent 'twined thy pen,  
And fed its point with bitterest gall?  
What demon from his wildering den  
E'er bade thee marriage slavery call?

Poor foolish man! if man thou art,  
Rail on, and vent thy native spite;  
Eject thy venom, ease thy heart,  
For woman bids thee now "good night."

Go, man of ice, go seek a cell  
With thorns and thistles rude o'ergrown;  
There 'mid its gloom forever dwell,  
And press thy flinty couch alone.

Go, and when pain shall rack thy bones,  
When misery bids thy bosom swell,  
Let furies answer to thy groans,  
And mock thee with their frightful yell.

May never woman's angel voice  
E'er soothe to peace thy tortured soul;

May never female smile rejoice  
Or aught of all thy woes control.

But may'st thou sink in sullen gloom,  
The scorn and jest of all the fair,  
Without a child to mourn thy doom,  
Or wife to bless thee in her prayer.

---

**SACRED MELODY.**

Jerusalem the Beloved.

Beloved of the Lord! At the dawn of thy pride  
How bright broke the light of thy fame;  
In the fierceness of wrath didst thou terribly ride,  
And thy foes sunk in death and in shame.

Beloved of the Lord! With the stranger sojourn,  
Lorn Israel! the wreck of thy race;  
Thy sons and thy daughters in solitude mourn,  
For JEHOVAH hath hidden his face.

Beloved of the Lord! There is hope for thee still,  
The light breaketh on thee afar;  
Our faith shall be thine, thou shalt dwell on a hill,  
And the East shall disclose thee its star.

Beloved of the Lord! In JEHOVAH confide,  
Thy sin unto death hath not been;  
His anger hath looked on thy hardness and pride,  
But his mercy shall build thee again.

---

**IMPROMPTU.**

The temple is wrecked! And the spirit has fled  
Of MACDONOUGH, the good and the brave;

His reliicks repose in the place of the dead,  
And his dirge in the moan of the wave.

The lake's stormy bosom is hushed in repose;  
The surge of Champlain is at rest;  
The voice of the deep speaks in whispers its woes,  
And the wind sighs adieu to the blest.

The temple is wrecked! And a tenant no more  
Inhabits the house of decay;  
For the spirit beauty of holiness bore,  
And leaves us forever and aye.

Ye warriors of freedom, ye dauntless, ye brave,  
In the path of MACDONOUGH abide;  
No terrors for him e'er had death or the gravé;  
As a christian he lived, and he died!

---

#### THE QUAKERESS.

Addressed to R\*\*\*\*\* U\*\*\*\*\*, of Yorktown, State of New-York.

I love that sweet simplicity of dress,  
Thus modest, neat, and elegantly plain,  
Wherewith thou doest thy beauteous limbs enrobe;  
I love that bonnet too, that needeth not  
The artificial wreath and scentless rose  
To twine and decorate its humble form;  
I look on thee as on an angel fair,  
Who clothes himself in an unsullied cloud,  
Wherein no other hue whate'er is found.  
The more I gaze the more I love, adore,  
If adoration to thy dress be paid;  
But in thy looks there is a something speaks  
And tells me thou art not of earth, but heaven!  
This may be but a whisper of the muse;

Still do I know that such a cleanly house  
Cannot in reason a foul soul contain.  
Dress, in a female, is the index true  
Of female worth; 'tis a criterion,  
Which, he who judges by, will seldom err,  
The time employed to decorate the form,  
I mean with ornaments superfluous  
Is certainly misspent, and if misspent,  
'Tis sin deliberate in the face of heaven.

---

**"CALL AGAIN!"**

Full many of the ills we know  
In this dark scene of sin,  
From two poor words may often flow;  
For instance, these are appropos  
Though simple, "CALL AGAIN!"

Go, mark the wrinkled virgin's doom,  
Whom hundreds sought to win;  
Why fades so soon her beauty's bloom,  
Why mourn no lovers round her tomb?  
She bade them "CALL AGAIN."

Why sinks that youth, despised, forgot,  
Weighed down with pain and sin?  
When wisdom spoke he listened not,  
When virtue urged him to her cot,  
He answered, "CALL AGAIN."

When Paul before great Felix stood;  
With firm and godlike mien,  
When cold ran Felix's noble blood,  
What said he to the man of God?  
Alas! 'twas "CALL AGAIN."

I knew a wretch so very poor  
That dunned thro' life he'd been;  
And when grim death knock'd at his door  
So oft he'd spoke the words before,  
He answered; "CALL AGAIN!"

The moral of my verse I'll show,  
Nor is the moral mean;  
A debt to nature all men owe,  
And death's a sheriff whom we know  
Will heed no "CALL AGAIN!"

Yet there is ONE, whose voice once more  
Shall break the sleep of sin;  
His wrath upon the godless pour,  
Fast bolt the everlasting door,  
Then, "NEVER CALL AGAIN!"

---

#### ISRAEL'S JUBILEE.

Wave, Israel, wave thy banners high,  
Forsaken! thy redemption's nigh:  
Through all thy tents let gladness reign,  
A mighty arm hath broke thy chain;  
Thy tor-ured bosom bleeds no more,  
Thy bonds are burst, thy sorrows o'er.

To Jacob's sons a DOVE has flown,  
To Israel be the tidings known;  
Fear not; behold another ARK!  
And still a NOAH guides the bark;  
On ARARAT it safe shall rest,  
By freedom's sunbeams warmed and blest.

Sound, sound the timbrel far and wide,  
Renew thy strength renew thy pride;

Come from the south, the distant north,  
 From east, from west, come fearless forth!  
 For here undimmed by light shall shine,  
 And peace shall be forever thine

Here safe beneath this olive shade,  
 None shall molest, none make afraid;  
 No secret foe your hopes shall blight,  
 Your walks are peace, your path is light:  
 Freedom invites, your judge commands,  
 Fly to your "REFUGE" Israel's bands.

#### THE CANINE RACE TO THEIR DESTROYERS.

Inhuman butchers of our fated race!  
 What time the midnight robber, fierce for pelf,  
 Around your unprotected dwellings prowls;  
 What time the murd'rer bent on deeds of blood,  
 Steals to your bed, and bids you wake to sleep  
 In death's cold arms, 'till time shall be no more;  
 Then shall ye call; but call in vain, on us,  
 To shield you from the keen-edged dagger's point;  
 Then shall ye learn; but learn, alas! too late,  
 To know the worth of those ye doomed to death!  
 How oft through frosts and biting blasts of hail,  
 Have we your erring footsteps patient traced;  
 And when ye sunk benumbed amid the snows,  
 Our bosoms or our breast your life restored,  
 While we forgotten, perished in the act!

\* \* \* \* \*

Man! had *thy* soul the faithfulness of *ours*,  
 The strong fidelity, the deathless love,  
 The noble daring, gratitude and truth,  
 Thou would'st not need protection from a brute;

But since the murd'rer CAIN his hands imbrued  
In ABEL's guiltless blood, thy life has been  
A scene of black ingratitude and crime !  
And let it be upon our tombs inscribed,  
*For our fidelity to MAN, we died.*

---

On Reading Dr. Mitchel's Letter to Capt. Symmes.

Your letter, Doctor, I have read,  
It honours both your heart and head,  
And adds unto your glory ;  
While I've a taste for minstrelsy,  
So long your mighty name shall be  
Immortalized in story.

Now all the bones of greatest strength,  
As well as those of greatest length,  
We do admit are hollow ;  
But that the skulls of men like you  
And Captain Symmes are empty too,  
Does not exactly follow!

When nature's augur, gouge or worm,  
Bored out the earth in hollow form,  
What went with the outpourings?  
If she so economic was,  
And worked by economic laws,  
She wouldn't waste the borings!

Th' economy of nature, sir,  
(Think not I mean to cast a slur  
On philosophic merit)  
Most likely owned a lumber room,  
And by her named, I dare presume,  
The philosophic garret.

In this, no doubt, she stowed the stuff,  
 Hard, soft, unseamly, smooth or rough,  
 Left when her boring finished ;  
 The garret, in proportion, grew,  
 Of course, more thick and crowded too,  
 As solid things diminished.

Your letter, Doctor, states again,  
 "An egg an egg may oft contain,"  
 The one the other's cousin ;  
 Admitting—and I can't deny  
 That this is true—then why mayn't I  
 In your *head* find a dozen !\*

But on, and prosper ; so I write,  
 Become a wondering people's light,  
 Who dwell in earth's great hollow !  
 If you and SYMMES—on my soul  
 Will ope the windows at the pole,  
 Blame me, if I don't follow.

\* A dozen other heads!

---

### STANZAS.

"And NATHAN said unto DAVID, thou art the man."

Whose step the sacred shrine pollutes  
 Of beauty, love, and truth ?  
 Whose hand the myrtle's stem uproots,  
 And blights the bloom of youth ?  
 Pause—and thy conscience closely scan ;  
 Does it not thunder, thou'rt the man ?

Whose feet upon the threshold treads  
 Of slumbering virtue's rest ?



Whose eye no tear repentant sheds,  
To view its bleeding breast :  
Canst thou reply, nor dread the ban,  
When heaven proclaims, Thou art the man?

Whose honored words, from lips of guile,  
Could honor lead astray ;  
Forever blight of peace the smile,  
And friendship's trusts betray?  
Consider well—thy conscience scan  
The thunders mutter, Thou'rt the man,

Repent, repent !—For mercy yet  
There may, perchance, be room ;  
But never can this heart forget  
The hand that worked its doom :  
Deny it not—for Heaven will scan,  
And thunder to thee, Thou'rt the man !

---

#### COMPULSIVE SELF MURDER.

“A black man was lately purchased in Louisville, by one of those legalized robbers, called men-dealers, to be taken down to New Orleans. The man had a wife and several children, from whom he was now to be torn without mercy, and rather than endure the horrors of separation from all he held dear on earth, he terminated his existence by drowning himself in the river.”

Tell him, the exiled tyrant of the world;  
He need not blush, though on the historic page,  
A NEGRO's name is coupled with his own ;  
Tell him a million tyrants now exist,  
E'en in the land where WASHINGTON was born !  
And should he disbelieve the damning truth,

Then bid him listen to the northern wind,  
When o'er the rocks of Helen's Isle it sweeps,  
And he shall hear, e'en at the midnight hour,  
Such agonizing groans, such piercing shrieks,  
As shall in tears his flinty bosom melt,  
And cheer his soul with th' enchanting truth,  
That still there live some monsters on the earth,  
Who more resemble Satan than himself!

---

**EVE OF THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE.**

How passed the eve of that eventful day,  
Our sires pronounced their much-wronged country  
free ;

Spurned the base yoke, and threw the chain away,  
And grasped the glowing hand of liberty?

Oh, could we, by some potent charm review  
The feelings *then* that swelled the patriot's breast,  
Delighted would our hearts the scene renew,  
And life itself become a dearer guest.

Then should we hear the fervent voice of prayer,  
From manhood's lips to Heaven's dread throne  
ascend,

To guard the weak and wavering from despair,  
And "be to them and theirs the changeless friend."

Then should we mark unshrinking faith and hope,  
Piercing the vista dark of future time,  
And veteran strength the door to freedom ope,  
And bid her hail the goal of joy sublime.

Mild eve of bliss, terrestrial pomp and power,  
Are idle, worthless, though the wealth of kings,

Compared to feelings of a single hour,  
Thy hallowed recollection ever brings !

---

**WRITTEN IN THE MARINERS' CHURCH.**

Blest be that voice, now heard afar,  
O'er the dark-rolling sea,  
That whispers to the hardy tar,  
"Sailor, there's hope for thee."

Blest be that pure, that christian love,  
That boundless charity,  
That bears the Olive, like the Dove,  
Brave, generous tar to thee.

Blest be those lips in accents mild,  
From sordid motives free,  
That first proclaimed to Ocean's child,  
Poor sailor, love to thee.

Long had'st thou rode the foamy wave,  
From sin nor danger free,  
Till Mercy stretch'd her arm to save,  
To save, brave sailor thee.

God of the just? Oh, lend thine ear,  
A blessing rich decree,  
On those who spread these tidings dear,  
"Sailor, there's hope for thee."

---

**SACRED MELODY.**

Oh, weep no more, poor wanderer worn,  
From Zion's ruined hall;  
Thy glory cometh like the morn,  
That shineth bright o'er all.

From Calvary's height a star appears,  
Of never-fading ray,  
Like that which calmed the shepherds' fears,  
And chased their doubts away.

The city of the Eternal King,  
From darkness shall emerge;  
His chosen people he shall bring  
From earth's remotest verge.

A tabernacle fair shall rise  
Where Desolation trod,  
A temple shine to Israel's eyes,  
Whose priest shall be our God.

The beauteous bow of promise given,  
Shall circle o'er the gloom,  
One end forever fixt on heaven,  
And one on Jesus' Tomb.

---

**TO A FAVOURITE DOG.**

Ponto, I like thy honest face,  
Though but a brute thou art,  
Thou wear'st no hypocritic grace,  
To veil a hellish heart.

Thou art no fawning, fickle elf,  
To change with every wind;  
No flatterer mean, for fame or pelf,  
Insufferably kind!

Content with any fare soe'er  
A friendly hand bestows;  
Devoid of every slavish fear,  
Thy heart with friendship glows.

Ponto, if thou could'st comprehend,  
As upright bipeds do,  
I'd never seek a truer friend,  
But pledge my hand to you.

Yet, much I fear, if thou could'st read,  
And human language scan,  
Thoud'st scorn the virtues of thy breed,  
And be as base as man.

Sometimes, indeed, thy nature seems  
A little changed to ours;  
For oft thou hast thy "troubled dreams,"  
And pain thy temper sours.

A little rogueishness I've marked,  
And jealousy withal;  
When at the door thou long hast barked,  
And she heard not thy call.

But sins like these will I judge not,  
Lest judged in turn I be,  
And on my page be found a blot,  
I'd rather none should see.

Ponto, methinks a sin or two  
Will drive no soul from heaven;  
And so to thee I mercy shew,  
Pronouncing thee forgiven.

So, wag thy tail, and merry be,  
Our fate is much the same;  
Soon sunk in dark oblivion's sea,  
Both Dog and Poet's name.

*Sacred to the Memory of Lieutenant Commandant*  
**W. H. COOKE.**

Oh God, that the brave in the noon of their fame,  
Should die by a dastardly hand;  
Should fall, like the dome that's encircled with flame,  
By the midnight incendiary's brand!

To the summit of glory his spirit aspired,  
To the fame of the brave and the free;  
But the guns of the Moro their death-shot have fired,  
And low lies the son of the sea.

Oh had he but fell by a valorous foe,  
In the battle, the carnage of strife;  
But to sink, by a cowardly spirit laid low,  
Oh God, what an exit from life?

Yet the chiefs of a rival, brave, generous and just,  
Bent silent and sad o'er his bier;  
And gave, as his corse they consigned to the dust,  
That truth-bearing tribute, a tear,

Brave tar! may thy spirit revisit the brave,  
Who draw for thy country the sword;  
Thy name be the chant that is heard on the wave,  
"REMEMBER THE MORO!" the word.

---

**SONG.**

There's a bird that sings sweet, &c.

There's a bird that sings sweet in the bowers of the  
And beauteous his plumage and bright; [blest,  
In the land of the free he hath built him a nest,  
And dipt his fleet pinions in light.

Oh, the summer of joy and of rapture is his,  
 From floweret to floweret he flies;  
 His heart is illumed by a halo of bliss,  
 And his notes are the notes of the skies.

And say, gentle warbler, when Autumn severe  
 The tree in its greenness shall blight,  
 Oh say, wilt thou cease with thy music to cheer,  
 Dost thou fear the dark shadows of night?

Oh, still wake thy song in the bowers of the blest,  
 In the land of the brave and the wise;  
 In the heart of the freeman still, still build thy nest.  
 And carol in Liberty's skies.

---

#### THE LAST MINSTREL.

He stood the last of all his race,  
 On Nature's tottering throne;  
 Celestial brightness o'er his face  
 With awful beauty shone.

A chilling pause pervaded o'er  
 The dark and boundless deep;  
 The angry billows ceased to roar,  
 The thunders sunk to sleep.

His harp to strains of deepest woe  
 The hoary minstrel strung;  
 Sublime, in numbers sad and slow,  
 Creation's requiem sung!

\* \* \* \* \*

The harp was still! Jehovah frowned,  
And seraphs stood aghast:  
The heavens, the sea, the reeling ground,  
Before his presence past!

---

*Sacred to the Memory of Midshipman*  
**ROBERT B. COFFIN.**

Kinsman, farewell! The briny wave,  
Though hoarse and loud it roar,  
The silence of thy timeless grave  
Disturbeth never more.

Short thy career.—The wreath of fame  
Was budding for thy brow;  
On glory's scroll was 'graved thy name—  
On memory only now.

Cradled upon the billows' breast,  
And nursed in danger's arms,  
Thy spirit sunk serene to rest,  
'Mid horrors' wild alarms.

The ocean breeze thy requiem sung,  
As o'er the deep it sped;  
Thy knell, unheard, the mermaid rung;  
Composed thy coral bed.

Oh what are all the joys of earth,  
Our hopes—and what are they?  
The offspring of a timeless birth;  
To be—and pass away.

Kinsman, farewell! Though lone thy grave,  
And far from freedom's shore,



The minstrel shall thy memory save;  
For thee his anthem pour.

---

*On seeing an interesting and beautiful young lady confirmed at Church.*

The matin bells have pealed the hour  
To summon holy hearts to prayer;  
And beauty owns religion's power,  
And pays her adoration there.

The Temple of the Lord is still;  
A halo round his priest is shed;  
A glory beams from Zion's hill,  
To crown with light his hallowed head.

Hushed now the organ's deep-toned note,  
The vocal sounds of music cease,  
And only inward breathings float  
Toward the azure throne of peace.

Before the altar humbly kneels  
The fairest of the work of heaven;  
And mercy to her heart reveals  
The promise of salvation given.

CONFIRMED at truth's eternal shrine,  
A member of the house of God,  
Her robe is spotless and divine;  
Her feet are with salvation shod.

Oh, if in heaven above the rest,  
One joy a brighter ray afford,  
'Tis when on woman's virtuous breast,  
The cross she beareth of her Lord.

And blest art thou whose soul from earth,  
And earthly thought, itself hath freed;  
Received in Christ thy second birth,  
And won of faith the glorious meed.

---

### SONG OF THE GREEKS.

Brave spirit of the murdered Greek,  
On Scio's fated shore,  
Whose wrongs no human tongue can speak,  
Revisit us once more:

Your bleeding bosoms bare again,  
And to the living show,  
Till valor bursts the galling chain  
That binds us to the foe.

Oh, tread again this hapless Isle,  
This fertile scene of ill;  
These fields, the turban'd ruffian's spoil,  
These vales, that blood distil;

The hoary head, the sainted form,  
The sabre's havoc show,  
Till vengeance strides the battle-storm,  
And lightnings blast the foe.

Around her ruined altars roam,  
Along the sanguine strand;  
The lonely hall, the sacred dome,  
Erst glory of our land;

Unsepulchred, and bleeding still,  
Your daggered bosoms show,  
Till Freedom's voice from plain and hill,  
Shouts victory o'er the foe.

**TO A LARGE NOSE.**

Hail, awful nose! Tremendous nose!

Nose of all noses, hail!

Terror of terrors to thy foes,

Once more huge nose, all hail!

Hail, fiery pillar! Beacon red!

Hail, monument of flame;

Proboscis on old brandy fed,

How shall I sing thy fame!

Oh, would in mercy thou wert mine,

Could I the weight but bear;

Thy purple light would round me shine,

A meteor bright and rare.

Then, though beneath the billows dread

My body should be sent,

Thou'dst tower above the billow's head,

A DROWNLESS monument!



GOD SAID—"Let there be light."

"Let there be light!" Jehovah said,

And nations sprang to birth;

Darkness before his presence fled,

And beauty crowned the earth.

Man, by his word, from dust he formed,

And woman from his side;

Their souls with fire ethereal warmed,

To heaven's dread king allied.

But soon the gloom of sin o'erspread

The lustre of the mind;

No light the lamp of reason shed,  
And man again was blind.

His walk was darkness, and despair  
Upon his spirit preyed;  
Weary, and worn with carking care,  
Along life's waste he strayed.

The Eternal saw:—"Let there be light!"  
Again in heaven was heard;  
And lo! man's weak, bewildered sight  
The star of Bethlehem cheered.

The sun of righteousness, his beams  
Upon the spirit shed:  
The sleep of sin, and error's dreams,  
Were o'er when Jesus bled.



#### MR. I. WALLACK.

When Cooke, great master of the Drama's art  
On these our boards his power displayed,  
In every breast he found a generous heart,  
That honestly his merit weighed:  
And, called to act upon a happier sphere,  
A nation's tears bedewed the Briton's bier.

When Incledon, the favoured son of song,  
Sweet echo of the heaven-strung lyre,  
Whose voice, or as the bursting thunders strong,  
Or soft as weary winds expire,  
Breathed his last notes to this our rugged strand,  
The heart, too full, spoke only through the hand.

Wallack, like these the minstrel bids thee hail!  
The gentleman, the actor, MAN:

Of life propitious be the onward gale,  
While justly all thy merits scan:  
And rest assured, 'tis no mean thing to be  
Beloved, respected by the truly free.

---

**YOUTH AND BEAUTY'S BRIDAL NIGHT.**

On the marriage of Thomas Gibbes, Esq. to Miss Susan Annette  
Vandenhoevel.

Stars let your rays resplendent shine,  
And thou, chaste moon, dispense thy light  
O'er all the vast expanse divine,  
On Youth and Beauty's Bridal night.

And, Venus, wreath thy fairest flowers,  
With gems of dew, unearthly, bright,  
And thou, O Time, prolong the hours  
Of Youth and Beauty's Bridal Night.

Let Pleasure tread the festive hall,  
Let music sweet with love unite,  
And soft of joy the footsteps fall,  
On Youth and Beauty's Bridal Night.

And still through life, where'er ye rove,  
As Time speeds on with rapid flight,  
May every hour as blissful prove  
As Youth and Beauty's Bridal Night.

---

**TO THE PILOTS OF NEW YORK.**

The Ocean Spirit, in his wrath,  
Is hovering o'er the wave;  
Red lightnings follow in his path,  
His path the seaman's grave!

High as the Heaven the billows rise,  
Then deep as hell they fall;  
On Heaven the wretch for mercy cries,  
Heaven alone hears his call.

Around he casts his cheerless eye,  
All, all around is dark;  
Sickening, he lays him down to die,  
Encoffined in his barque:  
Of friends, of home, of country dear,  
Of all in life that's prized,  
Oh, God! the memory how severe,  
His heart how agonized.

Hope's anchor held but by a strand,  
That strand, held by despair,  
He only lives a wreck of man,  
His vessel's wreck to share;  
High o'er the deck the billows rise,  
And threaten to o'erwhelm;  
Swift to destruction's shoals she flies;  
Death stands beside the helm!

But see, amid the rayless gloom,  
A floating speck appears;  
Like Mercy's sunbeam on the tomb,  
That speck the seaman cheers:  
Hushed is the shriek of wild despair,  
Mute are the lips of fears;  
A cry of gladness rends the air,  
"The PILOT BOAT is near!"

Ye hardy, brave, determined few,  
Who tempt the stormy wave,  
Who dare each peril to renew,  
Your fellow-men to save:

Oh, may success and happiness  
Unto you all be given;  
And He your kind exertions bless,  
The Admiral High of Heaven.

And when the blast of death around  
The earthly dwelling plays,  
When the eternal trump shall sound,  
The slumbering dead to raise,  
Then may ye, as ye doubting stand,  
Amid the scenes of fear,  
List, list the song of glory's band,  
"The PILOT BOAT is near!"

---

**TO MY MOTHER.**

Oh, thou upon whose bosom dear  
My infant head reposed;  
Oh, thou whose lips, with kiss sincere,  
My weary eye-lids closed;  
Though many risen suns have set  
Since last I met thy view,  
Oh, never can my heart forget  
What to thy love is due.

Think not, my mother, I can cease  
To love my home and thee;  
Think not my hours are hours of peace,  
Like those of infancy;  
Alas! those cloudless days are gone,  
Those halcyon hours are fled;  
And on the world's cold heart alone  
I pillow now my head!

Mother, there are will doubtless say,  
My muse is wholly wrong;  
To chant to thee a rustic lay,  
To wake the rustic song;  
They'll say I court a baby muse,  
And chant a childish strain;  
And will, to list my song refuse,  
With proud and cold disdain.

And be it so. If gratitude  
For kind maternal care,  
May be to childish joy construed,  
Or seem an idle prayer;  
Then take, Oh, God, this manly heart,  
Thou planted'st in my breast,  
Take, take it hence, and one impart  
With childish feelings blest.

---

### BIRTH DAY STANZAS.

To JOHN MING, son of Mr. ALEXANDER MING, Jun. Printer of the  
Weekly Museum.

In childhood's morn, in beauty's bloom,  
I chant to thee my lay;  
A song from faded pleasure's tomb,  
In manhood's stormy day.

Like thine, arose my morning sun,  
As sweet, as calm, as bright;  
Alas! how soon its race was run,  
How soon it sets in night.

Like thine my dreams were all of bliss,  
Of bliss without alloy;  
A father's smile, a mother's kiss!  
Full flowed the cup of joy.



Nor mother's kiss, nor father's smile,  
To me, alas! are known;  
A pilgrim on a desert isle,  
I brave my fate alone.

Alas! with years our woes increase;  
And rapid is the stream,  
That bears us from the shores of peace,  
And breaks of joy the dream.

Soon, soon the barque with miseries mann'd,  
By billows rude is tossed;  
Full force she strikes the rocky strand,  
And peace and hope are lost.

Calm be thy life beloved boy,  
Calm as a summer sea,  
When no rude blasts its peace annoy,  
From all commotion free.

Oh, may no cloud portentous lour,  
To fill thy heart with dread;  
May Heaven its blessings on thee shower,  
And hope its sunshine shed.

And now, farewell! For every wo  
That e'er hath wrung my breast,  
May'st thou a lasting pleasure know,  
By heaven bestowed, and blest.

---

**TRIBUTE,**

To the memory of Miss MARY-ANN TYRELL, who departed this  
life the 28th of Sept. last, in the 21st year of her age.

When Age, with its attendant woes,  
Seeks that untravelled shore.

Where wearied nature finds repose,  
And earthly ills are o'er,  
The tribute of a tear we pay;  
As we the corse enshroud;  
And the cold relics silent lay  
Where sleep the pious, grave, and gay,  
The humble, and the proud.

But when in Youth's meridian charms,  
And beauty's sunniest day,  
We see, embraced by Death's cold arms,  
The tenement decay;  
More than the offering of a tear  
The feeling heart bestows;  
Our sorrow is unfeigned, sincere,  
And vain the strife the heart to cheer;  
No antidote it knows.

Thy spirit in thy youthful prime,  
From earthly pleasures fled:  
Avail no prayers with Death and Time,  
Nor tears by friendship shed;  
The King of terrors hurled his dart,  
Swift to its mark it flew;  
It pierced that generous, virtuous heart,  
(In vain, the tears, unbidden, start)  
That vice nor folly knew.

Rest to thy gentle spirit, rest!  
The violet deck thy sod;  
No more by human ills oppressed,  
Thy soul is with its God:  
Oh, may we seek, departed shade,  
Like thee, that peaceful shore,  
Where spirits, in bright robes arrayed,

Have welcomed thee, angelic maid;  
To bliss, forevermore.

---

## TO "ORLANDO."

Go to Arabia's burning waste  
And say, "O fertile scene,  
What num'rous flowers thy sands have graced,  
How fragrant, fresh and green!"  
Say this, but say not Woman's breast  
To love is always true;  
Say not it is an angel's rest,  
Most chaste and lovely too.

Go to the tempest troubled deep,  
And say with tearful eye,  
"On thy proud waves I fain would sleep,  
Nor dream of danger nigh."  
Say this, but say not Woman's voice  
Is always soft and mild;  
Say not it heightens all our joys,  
And soothes misfortune's child.

Fly to the subtle panther's arms,  
And tell him he is kind;  
Tell him he hath an angel's charms,  
A generous feeling mind!  
Go, tell him this, but say not thou  
That Woman's heart can feel;  
Say not she never broke her vow,  
Or stabbed where love should heal.

Go, thou whose manly soul can bend,  
And own a Woman's power;  
Go, call thy mistress faithful friend,

Thou insect of an hour!  
My adamant heart, I own,  
Can feel no joy like this:  
'Twas Woman changed my heart to stone,  
Yea, murdered with a kiss.

Go, go "Orlando," seek repose  
Within the serpent's nest;  
And as its eye with splendour glows,  
O hug it to thy breast:  
Do this, and should it sting thy heart  
While dazzling with its charms,  
Fear not, "Orlando,"—do not start;  
Thy Grave is BEAUTY'S arms!

---

For the Lord will have mercy on Jacob, and will yet choose Israel, and  
set them in their own lamp.

[Isaiah, chap. xiv, v. I.]

Joy—joy! thou poor and desolate,  
Thou city trodden down!  
JEHOVAH'S blessings on thee wait,  
And soon thy head shall crown.

For by his prophet, he hath said,  
Though great indeed thy sin;  
Though darkness o'er thy face is spread,  
Thy sun shall shine again.

To Jacob he will mercy show,  
And Israel he will choose;  
Before the Christ each knee shall bow,  
Nor more his grace refuse.

His Temple on the wreck shall rise,  
Thy sons shall gathered be;  
The Sun of Truth shall glad thine eyes,  
Thine eyes Salvation see.

Then shall thy bondage broken be,  
And strangers with thee join;  
Then shall thy strong oppressors flee,  
And peace be ever thine.

---

**TO MY FRIEND W. H. F. ESQ.**

Commune we now of other days,  
When joy's full cup we sipped;  
When in a heaven of lucid rays  
Blest hope her pinions dipped;  
When not a flower beneath the sky  
But pleasure could impart,  
And the warm light of beauty's eye  
Fell gently on the heart.

Time! time, I hate thee! Thou hast stole  
What thou can'st ne'er restore;  
Thou'st filched the jewels of the soul,  
And left but dirty ore!  
Talk not to me of manhood's joys,  
Breathe not to me of fame;  
The first are but unwieldy toys,  
The second's but a name.

Oh, give me back the tranquil night,  
The dream of morning's bliss;  
The welcome to the rosy light  
The memory of a kiss!

Return me, O thou tyrant dread,  
A sire's approving look;  
A mother's smile—the youthful dead,  
Or blot me from thy book.

In vain the prayer; the cold, cold grave  
Hath taken to its breast,  
The relics of the young and brave;  
Yet asks *another* guest!  
Insatiate, thou shalt have the boon,  
A withered heart 'twill be;  
Then shine thou pale and changeful moon,  
There's colder far than thee.

But thou, my friend, whom far above  
All other friends I prize,  
Live—and enjoy the sweets of love,  
And bask in beauty's eyes:  
Inhale the sigh of virtue's soul,  
Yet cautious be the while:  
To happiness there's but one goal,  
And treachery's shield's a smile.

Yet in the silent hour of night,  
Remember in thy prayer,  
The friendship fate could never blight,  
The truth that death could dare;  
And, as the summer's smoothest sea  
May by a breath be curled,  
Pour thou the oil of charity  
Upon a heartless world!

Yes, tell it that 'tis folly now  
Its vengeance to renew;

Life's debt is paid in want and wo,  
 The only coin he knew!  
 And all its victim now would claim,  
 A gift it living gave  
 To spread its darkness o'er his name,  
 Its silence o'er his grave.

---

**FRAGMENT.**

\* \* \* \* \* 'Twas a beauteous spot  
 Of fertilé earth, wherein a thousand flowers  
 Of every hue and fragrance, breathed around  
 As sweet an odour as was ever borne  
 On ocean-breezes from Arabia's shore.  
 Each tree, each shrub, each plant was in its bloom,  
 And wore a look indicative of joy.  
 "Who," said the stranger, "who, on such a scene,  
 Can fix his wandering thoughts; and yet deny  
 The great existence of a Power Supreme?  
*Examine well the structure of this flower!*  
 Who was the artist? who its petals formed?  
 Who bade its embryo leaves expand,  
 And woo the kisses of the summer wind?  
 Who was the painter? who its colours laid?  
 Whose breath revived, and through December's reign  
 Shielded its feeble form; till summer's smile  
 Should bid it flourish and its fragrance shed,  
 To please the eye and gratify the sense  
 Of all the children of this nether world!  
*It is not—cannot be the work of CHANCE!"*

## STANZEAS,

Addressed to the Officers of the American Navy.

Ye chiefs, who ride the foamy wave  
And spurn the howling storm,  
Who death in every shape dare brave,  
And smile at danger's form;  
Oh, for a moment deign to hear  
The muse's humble lay;  
Oh, for a moment lend an ear,  
Nor turn with scorn away.

Brave are ye all—none braver e'er  
Hath ocean's bosom borne;  
Unknowing what it is to fear,  
The coward soul ye scorn;  
Humane unto a captive foe,  
Kind to the wounded tar;  
Example fair to all ye show;  
Admidst destructive war.

Hear now your faults—yea, hear your shame,  
For truth the muse must sing;  
And, though you should her candour blame,  
Home she your faults must bring;  
And know, it is a sailor's muse  
That sweeps for you her lyre,  
That to you all your folly shows,  
Yet would not court your ire.

Your strength, your lives, your country's are,  
Ye should her bulwark be;  
And only should your bosoms bare,  
Unto her enemy;  
But, ah! how oft the field ye seek



To take a *brother's* life;  
In trifling word—in insult weak  
Find cause for deadly strife.

Oh, 'tis a foul, unseemly blot  
Upon your well-earned fame;  
It cannot—cannot be forgot,  
Though ne'er so loved your name:  
*Reflect, ye chiefs of ocean's wave!*  
The murderous scheme forego;  
Your country hath pronounced ye brave,  
Fight but that country's foe!

Oh, wipe away the horrid strain,  
Its hue lest Europe see,  
Victorious prove upon the main,  
Your country's hope are ye!  
The hasty word learn to forgive,  
~~As~~ ye would be forgiven  
By HIM in whom ye move and live,  
The God of earth and heaven.

#### COURAGE AND FORTITUDE.

The following poem is commemorative of the escape of Midshipman King, of the United States' Navy, from the guard-ship *RUBY*, in Bermuda, who during a dark and tempestuous night, siezed an open boat, belonging to the ship, and in her embarked for his native country; where, by the protecting hand of Providence, after suffering the most severe and distressing hardships, he arrived in safety, on the 24 of August, 1813.

No moon that night, with silvery light,  
In heaven's blue vault was seen;

No guiding star, with radiance bright,  
 Pierced the dark clouds between;  
 But all was cheerless—dark—and lone,  
 As it had been such fearful hour,  
 That nature, trembling on her throne,  
 Sought refuge from Jehovah's power.

'Twas such a moment—dread as this,  
 When blest Columbia's daring son,  
 Upon the stormy, dark abyss,  
 All friendless, fearless, and alone,  
 Burst from oppression's galling chain,  
 (Oh, never may it bind him more)  
 And dauntless braved the raging main,  
 To hail again Columbia's shore.

Beloved KING, the minstrel's eye can view  
 Thy little skiff on ocean tost;  
 And, as it trembling mounts the billows blue,  
 Or, sinking seems forever lost;  
 Dost mark thee fearless at the helm,  
 Though oft the towering waves o'erwhelm,  
 And in a moment threaten to destroy  
 Thy dearest dreams of liberty and joy.  
 Yea, he can view thy steady eye,  
 Firm fixed on heaven—on heaven alone  
 Thy soul's best, lasting hopes were placed,  
 And though thy prayers to friendship's ear were lost,  
 Yea, from thine own weak memory erased,  
 Still did they rise before His throne,  
 Who ever listens to the sufferer's cry,  
 Nor heedless views his humblest creatures die.

'Twas He, undaunted traveller of the wave,  
 Who stretched, unseen, his mighty arm to save,

And taught thee skill thy tottering barque to guide  
 Safe o'er that waste, where all but thou beside,  
 Had rather groaned in slavery's fetters bound,  
 Than risked the dangers that beset it round.

First then, to heaven thy earliest thanks be paid;  
 And next thy country claims thy needful aid;  
 For, generous KING, Columbia views in thee  
 Another guardian of her liberty;  
 Another chief—another OCEAN gem,  
 Some future day to deck her diadem;  
 And for whose brow as fair a wreath shall bloom  
 As Freedom twined on gallant PREBLE's tomb.

---

**FRAGMENT.**

Curse on that wasting canker of the heart,  
 That deadly, *nameless* bitterness of soul,  
 Which preys, unsatisfied on all the hopes  
 Of comfort and of happiness on earth!  
 Curse on that foul, malignant, hateful fiend,  
 Whose foetid breath, the flower of virtue blights;  
 Who laves his burning lips in sorrow's tears,  
 And "fattens on the miseries of mankind!"  
 Behold his eye! a quenchless spark of hell  
 Lays on its ebon, centre burning;  
 Love, honour, friendship, from his presence fly,  
 Dreading the "deep damnation of his taking off."  
 He breathes—the opening bud of beauty dies!  
 He weeps—the petrifying stream unfelt,  
 Drops on the heart, and congelates the soul.

\* \* \* \* \*

——They love;  
 Their souls are twined and rivetted together;

Their lips the amicable treaty seal;  
 But Envy, stronger than the arm of death;  
 And more revengeful than the sentinel  
 Of Pluto's dark domain, advances near,  
 And blasts, with one pestiferous sigh,  
 All, all their hopes of happiness below,  
 And had not heaven, in mercy, limited  
 His hellish spite and power to earth alone,  
 Ere this, he'd mounted on infernal wings,  
 And preyed upon their bliss in PARADISE!

---

**TO A LADY WITH A CAKE OF SOAP.**

The sparkling gems of Indian mines  
 Does not its VALUE lose,  
 Though on the robes of sluts it shines,  
 Or decks the beggar's clothes:  
 But who, I'd ask, my gentle fair,  
 And answer if you please,  
 Would ever seek for diamonds, rare,  
 On garments such as these?

I know full well THOU art secure  
 From hateful POVERTY;  
 I know thy SOUL is chaste and pure  
 As aught on earth may be;  
 Yet round the house in the which it dwells,  
 For dust with dust will weave,  
 Without the aid of magic spells,  
 A veil of dust will cleave.

And a something must be found  
 To purge that dust away;  
 For none seek PEARL beneath the ground,  
 Or CORAL in the quay!

That something, lady, have I sent,  
    'Twill not offend I hope,  
For, on my word, no harm is meant.  
    'Tis but a cake of soap.

And, lady, when this cake you press,  
    Your snowy hands between,  
And mark the bubble's varied dress,  
    Of azure, gold, and green;  
Then, lady, think that bubble, brief,  
    Of life an emblem true;  
Mark but a bubble on the leaf,  
    That breaks e'en at the view.

And oh, if e'er the little guest  
    That dwells thy breast within,  
Should through misfortune sink oppressed,  
    And taint itself with sin;  
Then haste thee to that streamlet, wide,  
    Which from thy SAVIOUR stole,  
And thou shalt find its purple tide  
    The ALKALI OF SOUL.

---

#### VISION I.

I saw a man who on his bosom wore  
A golden medal, curiously engraved,  
And set with precious stones, of regal price;  
There was an emblem on its outer side,  
Which did most strictly represent a man  
Standing upon a rushing torrent's brink,  
Half naked: then at his feet there knelt a child,  
With eyes upraised, as if its soul would say,  
"God of the righteous! in thy mercy save,  
And bless forever bless my kind PRESERVER."

## VISION II.

I saw a ~~slave~~, wherein there slept a man  
 Who'd ~~been~~ a soldier under WASHINGTON;  
 The village people told me he was one  
 Whose truth and honesty had passed the test  
 Of ANDRÉ's gold! and thereby had preserved  
 The liberty and honour of his country.  
 I asked them then, if they could tell me where  
 His sculptured MONUMENT might be surveyed:  
 They wept!—

—There was a man, in years advanced,  
 Who, seeing that their honest hearts were full,  
 So that their lips no answer could bestow,  
 Stepped forth, and to my question thus replied:  
 "Stranger, where'er thy raptured eye shall view—  
 A monument on VERNON's flowery height,  
 To tell the traveller where in silence sleeps  
 The FATHER of his country, and the friend  
 Of him who also sleeps neglected here;  
 Then, and not till then, shalt thou with joy behold  
 A monument on PAULDING'S ashes rise!"

## HOPE.

Though the place of her birth was the bosom of sorrow  
 And the goddess reposed in the cradle of care,  
 Yet the light of her smile is the sun of the morrow,  
 While she laughs at destruction, and mocks at despair.

Her bright-beaming eye on the dark stormy ocean,  
 Like the ray of the morn can illumine the deep;  
 It cheers the poor sea-boy, and calms his emotion,  
 When the whirlwinds of heaven arouse him from sleep.

In the breast of the christian, when life is expiring,  
When the warm hand of friendship from death cannot  
save;

When the last breath of life from the heart is retiring,  
And already his feet press the land of the grave,

Then, O Hope, art thou nigh in this moment distress-  
ing,

This last, gloomy hour of mortality's even,  
And as virtue bequeaths to the sufferer its blessing,  
Thy smile cheers his soul, as thy hand points to heaven.

---

#### DESPAIR.

His pillow is gemmed with the tears of the sky,  
And the hoary frost of autumn hath silvered his hair,  
The bittern's hoarse screaming he heeds not on high,  
For his name, need I tell it? his name is Despair.

On the bleak, dizzy cliff of the mountain's dark brow,  
Full often he wanders unmindful of fear,  
But his heart, though o'erburdened with sorrow and wo  
Is seldom relieved by a sigh or a tear.

His bosom's commotion no soothing can calm,  
But folly and madness his reason expel,  
Till, clutching a dagger, while fiends nerve his arm,  
He sheathes in his bosom, and rushes to hell.

---

#### COMPASSION.

O I marked her blue eye, it was humid and bright,  
And her sighs were more gentle than evening's last  
breath;

But the look that she gave, O 'twas dear to the sight  
As the smile on the cheek of ~~RELIGION~~ in DEATH.

To her quick-heaving bosom an orphan she pressed,  
While the soft stream of sympathy stole from her eyes,  
And her accents were soothing as words of the blest,  
Speaking peace to the soul from the azure arched sky.

On the cheek of the wanderer, though cold as the snow,  
Her life-breathing lips she with gentleness laid;  
Again 'twas illumined, with health's ruddy glow,  
Again o'er its features serenity played.

COMPASSION, I hail thee, thou first-born of heaven!  
For thou lovest in the breast of the minstrel to dwell,  
And when from the doors of the rich thou art driven,  
His heart is thy pillow, ~~his~~ bosom thy cell.

---

### REVENGE.

In life's purple current his hands are imbrued,  
And his eye-balls flash fierce with the lightnings of rage;  
With the tears of the righteous his feet are bedewed,  
And his dagger is red with the blood of old age.

The place of his soul is the wild dæmon's dwelling,  
On his dark, sullen brow 'thrones the sceptre of Cain,  
And the grim fiends of hell, terrificly yelling,  
Urge his soul on to murder, and frenzy his brain.

His blood-sprinkled hand grasps a lock of the hoary,  
While furies are sounding the fame of their chief,  
His face is concealed 'neath his mantle so gory,  
But his heart knows no pity, it melts not at grief.



At midnight's dread hour, on the stoutest hearts  
 frightening,  
 He climbs the dark mountain or ploughs through the  
 flood,  
 And with the whirlwind, more swift than the light-  
 ning,  
 Deals death to his victim, then bathes in his blood.

MELANCHOLY.

She dwells by a stream, where the cyprus and willow  
 Are gemmed with the tears that fall from her eye;  
 The earth is her bed, and the flint-stone her pillow,  
 Midnight her mantle, her curtain the sky.

Her cell is a cave, where the bright beam of morning  
 Ne'er pierced the chill gloom of its wildering maze;  
 Where the sunshine of joy, youth's visage adorning,  
 Ne'er warmed with its fire, or cheered with its rays.

The moon is her lamp, when the mist-mantled moun-  
 tain

At midnight she clambers, and walks on its steep;  
 Or leans on the rock of a crystaline fountain,  
 And sighs to the zephyr that dimples the deep.

Her tresses are dark as the wing of the raven,  
 Her robes are all wet, and her bosom is bare;  
 Like a barque on the waves 'mid the whirlwinds of  
 heaven  
 She wanders distracted, or sinks in despair.

THE AMERICAN TAR.

I Love thy gallant, noble form;  
 Son of the restless wave;

Who bidd'st defiance to the storm,  
And conq'rest but to save.

I love his spirit, proud and high,  
That cowers not to a foe,  
The tar who dares alone to die,  
Where none his fate shall know.

Brave, generous ~~tar~~ when tempests rise,  
And sweep along the plain,  
How oft I view, with Fancy's eyes,  
Thy march upon the main.

How oft I wish with thee to share  
The perils of the sea;  
With thee the treacherous deep to dare  
To live or die with thee.

But fate forbids; alone to pine,  
Still, still must be my lot;  
For others' brows the wreath to twine,  
Myself, alas! forgot.

Yet, at my fate I will not grieve,  
But still contented be,  
While I a wreath for thee can weave,  
Son of the stormy sea.

---

#### TIME AND CHANCE HAPPEN TO ALL.

There's a chance for the soldier, though never so brave,  
On the field of his glory to sink in the grave;  
There's another chance too that he safe may come back,  
With a cart load of laurels, of rupees a—lack.

There's a chance for the lawyer to live by his wits,  
And a chance for the gambler to live by his hits;

There's another chance too that the gambler may lose,  
And the neck of a lawyer, find room in a noose.

There's a chance for the sailor a prize ship to take,  
And a chance that a whirlwind may come in his wake;  
There's a chance on the ocean a treasure to win,  
And a chance too that Neptune may have it again.

There's a chance for mechanics to live by their trade,  
And another chance too that their bills won't be paid;  
There's a chance for the sexton to live by the dead,  
And a chance that he sometimes goes hungry to bed.

There's a chance for the doctor to live by the sick,  
And a chance that old barebones the doctor may kick;  
There's a chance for the drunkard to live on good wine,  
And a chance that the hangman may give him a line.

There's a chance for the poet to starve on his rhymes,  
And a chance for the veteran to beg in good times;  
There's a time and a chance for all men on the earth,  
To him that is wretched and him full of mirth.

But of chances and times in the world to be found,  
And I've travelled and travelled it more than half round  
There's no chance so rare, if the truth I must say,  
As the chance that subscribers the PRINTER will  
pay.

---

### AN ELEGY.

Written in the Enniskillen Castle.

"*Enniskillen Castle*" is a public house, situated in South Fifth-street, Philadelphia, where whilom the bards, and wits, and *respectable* loungers of the day "used all to frequent and get blue;" many however of

the persons composing this ancient and honourable company of jolly toppers, and beggars of small glasses, have taken their departure to a land of other kind of *spirits* than those which so often visited them here!—I do not mean to be understood to say, that scenes of brutal inebriation were transacted within the walls of the “*Castle*”—far from it; as much order was maintained as is generally found in the first hotels in the city; and what I mean by *respectable* loungers, is a class of decently dressed *poor* gentlemen, similar in some respects, to those who are said to “walk St. James’ Park for a dinner!”

The empty glass proclaims the pocket low;  
The warning candle in the socket dies;  
The Bacchanalian possee homeward go,  
And leave the bar-room as the poet’s prize.

Now fades the nose of Martin on the sight,  
And all the place a noxious vapour holds;  
Save where yon crevice shows a gleam of light,  
Which lets out heats in spring, in winter, colds.

Save where from yonder window in the bar,  
A smell of alcohol and gin is found;  
And the Dutch demijohn does shine a star,  
That throws upon the gloom a radiance round,

Beneath this white-washed wall, this wall so high,  
Where oft in *other* days the poet set,  
Did QUIZ & Co.—alack! that they should die!  
For ever and anon their whistle wet.

The grateful gill of bitters in the morn,  
The glass of brandy at the hour of one,  
The jug of punch when day-light has withdrawn  
No more shall down their thirsty gullets run.

For them no more shall Martin place the chair,  
Or mistress R—— the steak for supper cook;  
No idle sot their luscious beverage share,  
Or see for him the dish of cat-fish smoke.

Offt. did the bottle to their valor yield;  
The hogshead oft their *industry* has drained;  
How jocund did their fists the wine glass wield,  
Although that glass a tierce of wine contained

Let not Sir Patrick mock their *useful* thirst,  
Their parched lips and gullets ever dry;  
Or Toby dare their merits to distrust,  
Or seek to prove their inebriety.

The boast of minstrelsy, the pomp of power,  
And all that brandy, all that gin e'er gave,  
Await alike the inevitable hour,  
The tide of whiskey flows but to, the grave.

Nor you, ye flats, impute to these a sin,  
If Martin on their tombs no beverage place;  
Where *once* they made T—W—L——g grin,  
And more than once did chant the "LOUNGERS' "  
*praise;*

Can cider crab, or good Jamaica rum,  
E'er to the CASTLE call the minstrels back?  
Can bright Madeira pierce through penury's gloom  
Or flattery soothe the marble ear of *Jack*?

Perhaps on this *settee* some *bard* has laid,  
Some heart once-pregnant with ambition strong;  
Hands that an axe or shovel might have swayed,  
Or pushed the rumbling barrow-wheel along.

But labour dread, their limbs his weighty load,  
 Begrimmed with filth and sweat, did ne'er cajole;  
 Hot whiskey punch or cock-tail was their god,  
 And scalded every virtue of the soul.

Full many a wit, with *puns* and satire keen,  
 The taverns all does frequent and get *blue*;  
 Full many a wretch at evening's hour is seen,  
 Like David's sow, both drunk and happy too.

Some country bumpkin that with wary look,  
 The potent draught of beverage gulphed down:  
 Some dandy, read in many a school-boy book  
 Within this castle has to manhood grown.

The applause of Quiz & Comp'ny to command,  
 The threats of duns and ruin to despise,  
 To scatter dollars o'er *this* happy land,  
 And read their history in "*mine hostess*," eyes:

Their lot forbade! nor circumscribed alone  
 Their million vices, but their tongue confined;  
 Forbade to seek by honest means a *bone*,  
 And food obtained for body or for mind;

The struggling pangs of conscience still to hide,  
 To quench the blushes of a crim'nal shame;  
 Or feel the noble sting of honest pride,  
 With incense kindled at the muse's flame.

Amid the madd'ning crowds' ignoble strife,  
 Their thirsty spirits ever loved to stray;  
 Along the hot, sulphuric road of life,  
 They kept the mighty uproar of their way.

Yet even these wits from starving to protect,  
 Some wealthy gulls a dish of catfish give;

With roast beef once a year the table's deck'd,  
And on one dinner they a twelve-month live.

Their name, their years, spelt by poor Quiz's muse,  
The place of fame and elegy supply;  
And many a bitter jest around she strews,  
To bid them in the "*good old cause*" to die!

For who to dull sobriety a prey,  
The Enniskillen's portals e'er resign'd;  
Left the warm precincts of the bar-room gay,  
Nor left a *chalk* or *two* the door behind?

On some rich *flats* the *wits* must all rely;  
Some *pious drops* the wits do all require;  
E'en to the de'il some wits would gladly fly,  
To gain a glass of rosy liquid fire.

For ye, who mindful of the castle's fame,  
Have in your rhymes the colonel's glory sung,  
If, chance, some other bard should ask your name,  
While ye are drinking from the hogshead's bung;

Haply, some hoary headed host may say,  
"Oft have I seen them at the peep of dawn  
Brushing the cobwebs from their throats away,  
And swallowing down a most tremendous horn.

"There at my table formed of pine and beech,  
That stands by yonder settee pretty nigh,  
Their listless lengths at noon tide would they  
stretch,  
And call for rum until the cask was dry.

"Hard by yon door, now creaking as in scorn,  
Gabbling their wayward fancies would they rave,

Now, drooping, woful, like a babe still born,  
Or crazed with grog, or like a sorry knave.

"One morn I missed them in my bar-room clean,  
Upon my chairs, and on my long settee:  
Another came, nor yet behind the skreen,  
Nor on the bench, nor at the bar were they.

"The next, with dirges due, in sad array,  
Slow to the \* \* \* \* gate we saw them borne,  
Approach and read, (if thou *can's't* read) the lay,  
Wrote on the cell their bodies now inurn.

#### THE EPITAPH.

Here rest their heads within this house of earth,  
A *firm* to fortune and to fame well known;  
The colonel frowned not at their humble worth,  
And whiskey's goddess marked them as her own.

Bright were their wits, their cocoa-nuts were long;  
None but the vicious did they ever damn;  
They gave to Martin all they had, a song;  
They gained from Martin (all they wished) a dram.

No farther seek their *merits* to disclose,  
Or draw their *frailties* from the cellars round;  
(There they in trembling hope of cash repose,)  
Nor quite *above*, nor yet *below* the ground.

---

#### ODE TO GENIUS.

Suggested by the present unhappy condition of the BOSTON BARD,  
an eminent poet of *this* country:

By a dim lamp when Penury and Care,  
Pallid and wan, his sickly vigils tend,



Behold the martyr-student, in whose air  
Genius and sorrow, melancholy blend!  
Behold the pride of ages and the theme  
That warms the bust with fancy's glowing  
The starry wonder that from high, [dream!  
Reflects itself in myriad forms of light;  
And pours the radiance of the sky,  
On realms of loneliness and night.

With cheek, where haggard sorrow's baneful hand  
Had pass'd in blight, and bade its bloom decay,  
And the rapt eye whose glory and command  
Beam forth an animating day;  
Reclined in fancy's museful mood,  
In meditation's mystic call,  
He hears the murmur of the Locrian shell,  
He sees his teeming solitude,  
With boundless light and angel-beauty swell.

Or low absorbed in mournful scenes of woe,  
Realms of horror and far shrieking night,  
Where the long cries of misery shuddering go,  
And wither nature with the touch of blight.  
He sinks down, down, where demons of affright  
Press on the sense, as through the vasty gloom,  
Like rushing tempests dread denouncing doom,  
They speed, and flash around infernal light:  
Till startled at the awful scene;  
That faithful fancy finely drew,  
On Ariel's wings he soars serene,  
To the calm heights of sunny blue,  
Where heaven's pure smiles of joy are sweetly  
beaming through.

Alas the vision of his fate!  
Reverse of good, reverse of ill;

Sublimely sad, and indignantly great;  
 A man in act, a god in thought and will,  
 Still the ambrosia flowing sparkles, still  
 The blasts of earth the nectar dissipate!

In death but great, the spirit freed,  
 The garland twined to grace his bier;  
 The laurelled bust his lofty meed,  
 When Pity had denied a tear,  
 Oh mourn a doom but too severe!  
 Promethian Genius! still 'tis thine,  
 The vultures of neglect to bear,  
 Tearing the heart, heaven made divine!

Oh Otway! Thou, whose magic verse,  
 Through ages wake the "sadly pleasing tear,"  
 How oft has pierced Priuli's dreadful curse,  
 How oft with hopeless Jaffia, wild yet dear,  
 Awoke the thoughts that else had slept,  
 To dwell with him in darkness and despair,  
 Or wept when Belvidera wept,  
 The seraph of the soul! so delicately fair,  
 Thy ghastly presence lingers there,  
 Aside with Sickness and stern Want;  
 While sadly smiling, through the bitter tear,  
 Thy meagre form the glittering circles haunt.

\* \* \* \* \*

Thou high orb'd Spirit of our destinies!  
 Ruling the subject world with sway serene,  
 Save where the blotted lightnings cleave the skies  
 And fright the trembling darkness of our scene,  
 A star of worlds remote and bright,  
 But marked as falling from on high;  
 Changing the orbit of its flight,

To where diviner suns and systems lie,  
While monster Avarice shouts in its delight,  
Deeming its glories sinking but to die.

---

TO Y\*\*\*\*.

Thanks to thee, minstrel, for thy welcome lay,  
That still to peace my troubled spirit soothes;  
Falling like balmy dews of blushing May,  
And death's rough passage for a moment smooths.

But tell not me, that love, and hope, and health,  
Can e'er again life's wildering maze illumine;  
Nor India's gems, nor Leon's countless wealth,  
Can purchase now a passport from the tomb.

Thou sayest of home! And this, ah, this is well;  
'Tis true, the exile has a home afar,  
And there his aching heart no sorrows swell,  
How bright its portal! yonder golden star!

This star shall burn forever pure and bright,  
When I shall rest beneath the dewy sod;  
It shall not wane; for heaven indeed is light,  
And true Religion is the *love* of God.

Minstrel, farewell! Still make the *moral* lay  
Nor build thy hope of fame in *fancy's* skies;  
*Be useful; know thy strength; pursue thy way,*  
And be thy aim to render man more wise.

## THE DEATH OF VOLTAIRE.

"The way of the transgressor is hard."

HOLY WRIT.

Elate with hope, in health, in pride,  
The godless Exile\* came;  
And Paris threw her portals wide,  
And gave her wreaths of fame.

Fresh round his brows the flowerets fair  
Their sweetest odours shed;†  
His triumph filled the burned air;  
The "*wretch was crushed,*" was dead!

One moment, and the sinner saw  
Religion prone in dust;  
Unscathed, defied the broken law,  
Denied his God, and cursed:

One moment, and the vital flood  
The tongue blasphemous hushed;  
Forth from his heart the startled blood  
A crimson deluge rushed!‡

The pangs of death; and horrors dread,  
His frame, his soul possess;  
The spirits of his victims dead  
Before his vision press;

\* His friends, near the throne, obtained the Royal assent to his return: he was at this time in his 84th year.—*Abbe Barruel*.

† The Theatres decreed their crowns, and entertainments rapidly succeeded each other, in honour of the impious chief.—*ib.*

‡ In the midst of his triumphs, a violent hemorrhage raised apprehensions for his life; these apprehensions were realized on the 30th of May, 1778.—*ib.*

And on the wall,\* in words of light,  
 In letters traced in flame,  
 He sees and sinks in endless night!  
 “*Escrsez L’infame!*”†

The following comparatively lengthy poem, was written very hastily some years since, in the city of Philadelphia. It is hoped the sentiments it breathes may, in a measure, atone for its numerous defects.

**WILLIAM PENN.**

A Poem.

From one who now enjoys the blessing wrought,  
 By him who “practised all the good he taught;”  
 By him whose doctrine pure, whose gentle sway,  
 Taught the rude Indian mercy to obey;  
 Whose dauntless soul no earthly ill could fright,  
 Or turn his zeal from what he deemed was right;  
 By him who fortune, pomp, and power resigned,  
 To glorify his God, and bless mankind,  
 Accept the meed the unlettered muse bestows,  
 The song that from a grateful minstrel flows:  
 Let charity his numerous errors hide,  
 And friendship turn the critic shaft aside.  
 Vain were the hope, in the uncultured mind,

\* The hand which had traced in writ the sentence of an impious revelling king, seemed to trace before his eyes, ‘Crush them, do crush the wretch!’—*ib.*

† “*Ecr: L’Inf.*”—an obscure abbreviation of *Escrsez L’Infame*, (i. e. crush the wretch, meaning Christ,) generally concluded all Voltaire’s letters to his friends on subjects of “Philosophism.” In his last moments, he could be heard alternatively supplicating or blaspheming that God he had conspired against: so dreadful were his agonies, that the Mareschal de Richelieu flew from the bedside, declaring it to be a sight too terrible to be sustained.—*ib.*

The full-blown flowers of classic soil to find:  
The diamond, in a pure and polished state,  
Its value owes to lustre—not to weight;  
And at the best, 'tis but a paltry gem,  
If only shaped to deck a diadem;  
But, if for useful purposes designed,  
It needs as little lustre as the mind.  
Mistake me not—I do not mean to say,  
That labour's thrown upon the mind away;  
So far from this, I deem no task severe,  
That tends from Genius' soil the weeds to clear:  
But if the flowers of Fancy only bloom,  
To waste on foreign earth their rich perfume,  
'Twere better far the tares around them stood,  
If these but save them from ingratitude.  
For me, where'er my rustic muse shall stray,  
Still shall my country claim her sweetest lay;  
Or where Ohio rolls her silver stream along,  
And nature's minstrels pour the varying song:  
Or where Niag'ra's voice is heard around,  
And hill and mountain echoes back the sound,  
Still shall the virtues of my native land  
The grateful tribute of her bard demand;  
Not all the gems Golconda can bestow,  
Shall tempt my muse to join her country's foe:  
Broke be the harp that adulation pays,  
Preferring wealth to humble virtue's praise;  
Forever silent be the recreant lyre  
That borrows light from honor's funeral pyre.  
I may be rash—too warm, perchance my zeal;  
If so, forgive—I speak but what I feel.

Spirit of Song! that oft in earlier days  
To mad ambition swelled the notes of praise;

Spirit of Song! that erst of battles told,  
And erst for wealth thy independence sold;  
Nay, bartered oft the patriotic tide  
Of feeling, for the purple robe of pride,  
Once more awake! to independence 'wake!  
And from the chains of grovelling avarice break;  
Cast off the fetters that inglorious bind  
To glittering dirt the majesty of mind!  
Free as the breeze that flies the deep along,  
Breathe o'er the world the sweet, the grateful song,  
To lands remote, where nature's children roam,  
The earth their bed, the boundless wilds their home,  
Chant, chant to them the numbers smooth of verse,  
To them, of PENN, the friendly deeds rehearse.  
Nor less to those of Afric's sultry clime,  
Send forth the strain of minstrelsy sublime;  
Tell them, where'er exist the race of PENN,  
That they are free—enjoy the rights of men;  
Proclaim from north to south, from east to west,  
A spot there is, where Afric's sons are blest;  
A spot whose fertile fields, whose verdant meads,  
To bathe their flowers, no shower of sorrow needs;  
No briny drops the climate mild requires,  
No rending sighs to fan ambition's fires;  
No crimson scourge its freedom to secure,  
No sweat of blood its bosom to manure.  
Tell them, the wretch no mercy here will find,  
Who "fattens on the miseries of mankind;"  
Whose sordid spirit walks the ocean wave,  
His fellow man, his brother to enslave;  
Who dares to mingle in the holy cup  
The tears of woe, and drink the mixture up;  
Who heedless, treads upon his victim's grave,  
And boasts of freedom while he owns a slave?

Tell them, the church is here the good man's care,  
 No blighting curse precedes his holy prayer;  
 No tongue, blasphemous, may religion mock,  
 No cry ascends for vengeance on his flock;  
 Tell them, that mercy here her throne has set,  
 And justice's sword with mercy's tears is wet:  
 Tell, tell them, that the soil where PENN has trod,  
 To *all mankind* is free to worship God;  
 That here, the sabbath is, to all their race,  
 A day of rest, of peace, of hope, of grace.

\* \* \* \* \*

What time the barque, to PENNSYLVANIA's shore,  
 Her freight of mercy, truth, and virtue bore;  
 What time her sails the joyous seamen furled,  
 And gazed with rapture on the new-born world,  
 The frightful panther lurked the woods among,  
 The wolf's loud howl through all the forest rung,  
 The boding raven croaked from tree to tree,  
 The bear dominion claimed from sea to sea;  
 The war whoop broke upon the cradle's sleep,  
 The yell distracting echoed o'er the deep;  
 The midnight hour beheld the cottage blaze,  
 While on its wreck the shuddering peasants gaze;  
 From aged heads the hairless skin was torn,  
 And through the realm in savage triumph borne;  
 Fury the keen edged tomahawk upreared,  
 And happy those whom Indian pity spared;  
 True to its aim, vindictive, sped the dart,  
 And drank the purple current of the heart:  
 His blood stained banner cruelty unfurled,  
 And murder stalked along the new-born world.  
 These were the woes that reigned throughout the land,



Ere yet the foot of PENN had pressed the strand.  
But, oh, how wert thou, PENNSYLVANIA, cheered,  
When on thy shore the godlike man appeared!  
How throbbed the heart, how gazed the anxious eye  
On him whose features spoke his ministry!  
How did the father's heart his joy declare,  
As it flew to meet him on the half breathed prayer!  
How did the mother's tears her raptures speak,  
As rolling down they gemmed her offspring's cheek;  
How did the babe its little arms extend,  
And blessings smile upon its mother's friend!  
How was the spirit of the savage rude,  
Chained to the earth, in silent thoughtful mood!  
How from his nerveless hand, the errless dart,  
Dropped on the earth, nor sought a victim's heart;  
Then did the vulture nestle with the dove,  
And all around was harmony and love;  
Then bloomed the forest, in new beauty dressed,  
Then smiled a second Eden in the west.  
Alas! no pencil ever can portray  
The nameless feelings of that blissful day:  
Bring, memory, bring thy mirror! let me view  
The aged tree—the spot on which it grew;  
Here let me see, beneath the tall grass laid,  
Dark rust corrode the battle axe and blade;  
Here let me view the flowers that deck the ground,  
Entwine the calumet of peace around;  
Here let me pause, and view the virtuous PENN,  
Proclaiming mercy and good will to men;  
Teaching the love that God to man has shown,  
And how, in other days, he sent his son  
A sacrifice—whose blood should cleanse from sin,  
And man, through him, to heaven should enter in;

Oh, 'twas a scene that might have pleasure given,  
To those whose spirits blest repose in heaven.

\* \* \* \* \*

The tree has fallen—the listening audience fled:  
The Indian's "father" slumbers with the dead.

\* \* \* \* \*

But, if from realms of joy, on realms of woe,  
The spirits of the good a look bestow,  
How will thy generous spirit joy to see  
Thy sons and daughters all that they should be:  
How wilt thou gaze upon thy chosen spot,  
By blood unstained—by wealth corrupted not;  
What heavenly joy will radiate thy eyes,  
To hear from earth the grateful anthem rise;  
To hear the prayer from Afric's sons ascend,  
Imploring blessings on their kindest friend!  
Nor more on thee, than on thy fellows all,  
Does Afric's voice for richest blessings call:  
Still to the fated race thy sons are kind,  
Pouring the light of knowledge on the mind;  
Dissevering still the links of slavery's chain,  
And whispering freedom o'er the stormy main.  
Thy daughters too—than whom no fairer, e'er  
Views th' bright sun in all his wide career;  
Nor on more virtuous, ever gazed the eye  
Of blushing morn, 'neath heaven's blue canopy;  
The gentle influence of their smiles exert,  
To warm the soul, and purify the heart,  
Oh, would to heaven, my country was but free  
From slavery's stain, in every part like thee!

But, oh, there live, who laugh thy laws to scorn,  
 Live in the land where WASHINGTON was born!  
 A million tyrants walk in open day,  
 A million tyrants on their species prey;  
 Trampling the rights that God to all has given,  
 Yea, murdering in the very face of heaven.  
 But tell me monsters, does thy soul believe  
 The negro's wrongs no justice will receive?  
 Think'st thou the veil that's o'er his features thrown  
 Shrouds not a spirit noble as thy own?  
 Behold the wretched father,\* doomed to part  
 From all that's dearest to a father's heart;  
 Wife—children—friends—from freedom—all  
 That man on earth may joys of blessing call;  
 Changed from a freeman to an abject slave,  
 The torch of hope dim-burning on the grave!  
 Will he not make one effort to be freed;  
 Behold his shattered arm! Does it not bleed?  
 Think'st thou that ebon dwelling does not shine  
 A soul by nature, free from guilt as thine?  
 Think'st thou no sense of honour warms that breast,  
 That heart no virtuous feeling e'er possessed?  
 Does mercy say, the negro shall be cursed,  
 Nay, spurned and trampled on by fellow dust?  
 Did not the hand that formed him, form thee;  
 Did not JEHOVAH say, to both—"BE FREE?"  
 Does mercy's tears the white man's sins erase,

\* The fact to which these lines alluded is as follows:—A slave in one of the southern states was about to be transported to the wilds of the west: the thoughts of separation wrought so powerfully on his feelings, that, in a moment of phrenzy, he seized an axe and struck off his hand, in the hope, by thus rendering his future services of little importance, his new master would decline paying the expense of transportation.

Yet leave the negro's written on his face?  
Think'st thou the hue or texture of the skin,  
As they may be, imply or worth or sin?  
Where is the sage, in science versed, profound,  
Who e'er the texture of the spirit found?  
Where dwells the artist, search from pole to pole,  
Who ever knew a color for the soul?  
A heathen sage asserts a blush to be  
The hue of virtue and of modesty:  
Admitting this, what color shall we find  
To know a virtuous from a vicious mind?  
Cannot the villian white man wear a blush?  
The tears of crocodiles at pleasure gush!  
Suppose the negro doomed thee to the rack,  
Because thy skin was neither red nor black;  
Would'st thou not cry for vengeance on his head,  
Yea, ask why slumbered still the avenging blade?  
Would not thy country execrate the deed,  
And for the guilty bid the guiltless bleed?  
Ten thousand swords would from their scabbards start,  
Nor sleep till they had pierced the negro's heart;  
Nay treble vengeance would Columbia claim,  
To add a treble terror to her name.  
And oh, my country, I do blush for thee,  
For *thou*, *thou* art this fiend of cruelty!  
Thou *know'st* Columbia, that thy fields are red,  
With drops from Afric's bleeding bosom shed;  
Thou *know'st* that oft the food thy children eat,  
Springs from the earth that Afric's tears have wet;  
What in the negro thou would'st execrate,  
Nay doom his body to the worst of fate,  
*That doest thou*—devoid of every fear,  
As if *thy* God the negro would not hear:  
But, though he for a time his wrath delay,

Yet will it come in an unguarded day;  
Drought, pestilence, and famine will destroy,  
And turn to gall thy sweetest cup of joy:  
From his right hand the avenging bolt once hurled,  
Where, where art thou? Where, where the pigmy world?

There also live, who the poor Indian scorn,  
Destroy his dwelling and devour his corn;  
Nay, deem him but an upright beast of prey,  
Which 'tis not murder, unprovoked, to slay;  
Without a soul, to generous feelings dead,  
A tiger, with a human form and head.  
Oh would that such, with sentiments so base,  
The tome of Indian history might trace;  
There would they find the Indian has a soul,  
Alive to feeling, though it scorns control;  
Unnumbered proofs of virtue there would rise,  
But one alone shall for the time suffice;  
Mark him, the Briton, daring to extreme,  
Whose matchless bravery was his nation's theme;  
Behold him in the tawny chieftain's power,  
His life a sacrifice within an hour.  
Oh, God! and is there none his life to save,  
No venturous arm to rescue from the grave?  
Is there not one among the tawny foe  
To shield the Britain from the fatal blow?  
Oh, yes. There comes, there comes a *female* form,  
Bright as a sunbeam shining on the storm;  
The axe is raised! she rushes through the crowd,  
A white winged seraph darting from a cloud:  
"From him these arms entwine," with tears she cries,  
"Oh, never will POWHATON'S daughter rise,  
Till her stern father a full pardon gives,  
Till mercy's voice proclaims—THE BRITON LIVES!"

She said: the father felt his heart relent;  
 He paused, the fury of his soul was spent;  
 "Rise, rise, my daughter!" cried the Indian chief,  
 "His forfeit life I spare, assuage thy grief."

\* \* \* \* \*

Disciples of immortal PENN, adieu!  
 Still may you all the noble course pursue;  
 Still be it yours the wretched to relieve,  
 Instruct the Indian, bid the negro live;  
 To balm the wounded heart, to dry the tear,  
 Dispel each doubt, disperse each rising fear,  
 To every clime your precepts pure extend,  
 And render man of man the kindest friend.



### TO THE BOSTON BARD.

In reply to his late Challenge.

There is a wight, God bless his sight,  
 It must be far, far dimmer  
 Than Sol at night, or street-lamps bright,  
 Or sunbeams through a skimmer.

In posie proud, in nonsense loud,  
 He cuts a woful caper,  
 Amid the crowd, by Ming allowed  
 To figure in his paper.

A brilliant thought, at length he caught,  
 'Twas this, God mend his phiz,  
 To ask about, and find it out,  
 And tell him what he is.

Now do not hate, nor scratch thy pate,  
 If I my opine pass,

Thou art of late, by works and fate  
A very downright ASS.

**ANSWER TO "SOLON."**

Hushed be thy lyre, Oh, TOMMY MOORE;  
Unstring thy fiddle, SCOTT;  
SOUTHEY, forbear the song to pour,  
And CAMPBELL sing thou not.

List, list immortal SOLON's strain,  
SOLON, the great and wise;  
His mind a vast extensive plain,  
Where flowers spontaneous rise.

True prototype of him of old,  
'Neath ancient lore he droops;  
His pate in hood of lead enrolled,  
He conquers while he stoops.

The strain is brief. No bard can help  
The tribute just to pay:  
And, if by nature PUPPIES yelp,  
An ASS in turn may bray!

**FIRST OF MAY IN NEW-YORK.**

Sung with applause at Chatham Garden.

First of May, clear the way!  
Baskets, Barrows, Trundles;  
Take good care, mind the Ware!  
Betty, where's the bundles?  
Pots and Kettles, Broken Victuals,  
Feather Beds, Plaster Heads,

Looking Glasses, Torn Matrasses,  
 Spoons and Ladles, Babies—Cradles,  
 Cups and Saucers, Salts and Castors,  
 Hurry, scurry—grave and gay,  
 All must trudge the first of May.

Now we start, mind the cart!  
 Shovels, Bedclothes, Bedding;  
 On we go, soft and slow,  
 Like a beggar's wedding!  
 Jointed Stools, Domestic Tools,  
 Chairs unbacked, Tables cracked,  
 Gridiron black, Spit and Jack,  
 Trammels, Hooks, Musty Books,  
 Old Potatoes, Ventilators,  
 Hurry, scurry, grave or gay,  
 On we trudge, the First of May.

Now we've got, to the spot,  
 Bellows, Bureau, Settee;  
 Rope untie, mind your eye,  
 Pray, be careful Betty;  
 Lord! what's there? Broken Ware;  
 Decanters dash'd, China smash'd,  
 Pickles spoiled, Carpets soiled,  
 Sideboard scratch'd, Cups unmatch'd,  
 Empty Casks, Broken Flasks,  
 Hurry, scurry—grave or gay,  
 Devil take the First of May.

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#### BIRTH-DAY STANZAS.

To Miss Mary Eliza Wallace.

Hail, dawn of beauty! morn of joy,  
 In smiles be ever drest;



Nor clouds deform, nor storm annoy,  
By heaven forever blest.

Oh may the day that saw thee born,  
Be as thy beauty bright;  
May fadeless flowers thy path adorn,  
Illumed with heavenly light.

May never sorrow's shafts assail  
The shrine of love and truth;  
But gentle breezes swell the sail  
That speeds the barque of youth.

May virtue e'er thy pilot be,  
Through all the voyage of life;  
From folly's shoals and quicksands free,  
Free from the storms of strife.

Oh, may'st thou live to glad those eyes  
That watch with ceaseless care,  
O'er all thy steps; and may the wise  
Esteem thee good as fair.

So shall affection's lips proclaim,  
When death shall hurl his dart,  
Thy fadeless virtues and thy name  
Be written on her heart.

---

#### SUN-RISE OF THE SOUL.

There is a land where strength decays,  
Where wisdom comes to nought;  
Where vice claims virtue's honest praise,  
Where love with gold is bought.

There is a land where genius dies,  
Where science meets its doom,  
Where all that's great, or good, or wise,  
Sinks in oblivion's gloom.

There is a land whereon the brave  
Do perish in their fame,  
Sink silently within the grave,  
Retaining but a name.

There is a land where beauty fades  
Upon its icy breast;  
Where penury's gloom the heart pervades,  
And pain's a constant guest.

And there's a world where love and truth  
Perennial rise, and bloom;  
Where virtue, in unfading youth,  
Shall triumph o'er the tomb.

How gladly would my tortured breast  
Reject earth's base control;  
And hail afar in region's blest,  
The sun-rise of the soul!

---

#### THE MINSTREL'S RETURN.

Oh! I could weep, like him who wept  
O'er Salem's destined doom;  
When her stern sons unconscious slept  
Upon her country's tomb;  
For, lo! the thistle springs unchecked  
Where beauty's steps were known,  
And love's bright temple too is wrecked,  
Its walks with weeds o'ergrown!

I asked for her of brighter days,  
Whose early vows were mine:  
On her cold grave the sun-ray plays,  
And the dull moon-beams shine!  
I sought for him whose heart and hand  
Each friendly feeling knew;  
His bones were bleaching on the strand,  
The winds his requiem blew.

I asked for him who loved to pour  
The sacred song of praise;  
With men his voice is heard no more,  
Forever hushed his lays;  
My steps I turned to fortune's fane  
And craved an entrance there;  
The votary's vestment showed a stain,  
Where beat a heart of care!

No more. Far better still to roam  
Among a stranger-band,  
Than seek a *solitary* home,  
Even in our native land;  
The soul is sick, and flies the scene  
Of desolation dread;  
Looks back to what it once hath been,  
Now to dark ruin wed.

---

**BYRON'S YACHT.**

Proud bark that bear'st the titled bard  
To this our rugged shore;  
This shore, by rebel pilgrims marr'd,  
Where genius scorns to soar;  
Majestic o'er the billows blue  
In fearless freedom ride,

As if the godly freight you knew,  
And owned the conscious pride!

"**LA LIBERALE**" be thy glorious name!  
And on thy ensign bear  
The daring motto, "**HELL! or FAME!**  
No matter how, or where!"  
Let vice in virtue's robe appear  
The figure at thy prow;  
And seem to speak in accents clear,  
"**FOR PEACE** in vain I plough!"

Sail fearless on, thou gallant bark,  
And land thy master here;  
Then sink for aye in ruin dark,  
Forever disappear!  
Nay, be thou safe; for Time may write,  
Upon his lengthening scroll,  
In letters of eternal light,  
"**THIS** saved thy master's soul!"

---

**TO THE "BOSTON BARD."**

How could Alexander bid thee cease,  
Thee whom the Muses have inspired,  
With strains that give the bosom peace,  
When to affliction's haunts retired.

How could he say "resign thy lyre,"  
Nor let its thrilling numbers roll,  
How could he bid thee, quench that fire  
Which melts to ecstasy the soul.

What though the base, the selfish throng,  
Shall grasp their gold and thee forget,

Neglect the genius of thy song  
In pure harmonic numbers set.

'Tis not the world, the group of folly,  
That can give virtue quiet rest,  
Light the pale cheek of melancholy.  
And make the minstrel blest.

O cease not that blest song of ev'n,  
Nor dash thy harp in wild despair,  
Its balmy strains shall reach to heaven,  
And find an able patron there.

---

TO \*\*\*\*.

Mary, adieu! to all thy charms  
A long, a last farewell!  
No more within thy faithless arms  
This bosom e'er shall swell:

Go, Mary, go, this heart no more  
Can beat with love to thee;  
Neglect has froze it to the core,  
The poet's soul is free!

Mary, adieu! thy sordid mind  
Let splendid misery bless;  
And where the poet's head reclined  
Let avarice find access:

That chain which late my spirit bound  
To nought on earth but thee,  
No more around my heart is wound,  
'Tis broken! I am free.

**EPICRAM.**

As a student returned to his lodgings one night,  
 Half starved his reason and drowned his soul,  
 The door being locked, and dim being his sight,  
 After seeking in vain to place the key right,  
 Exclaimed "D—n the rogues, hic, they've stole my  
 key-HOLE!"

**TO \*\*\*\*.**

Hail, hail,—great mart of wealth  
 And cradle of the free;  
 Rocked by the sea-born gales of health,  
 Of arts the nursery!  
 Hail, city of immortal fame,  
 Thou teeming spot of earth;  
 Forever foremost stand thy name,  
 In glory, honor, worth!

From north to south, from east to west,  
 Thou shin'st a quenchless light;  
 Of all thy sisters greatest, best,  
 Most honoured, and most bright!  
 Hail, city where all classes thrive,  
 The middling, mean, the high;  
 Where dandy-paupers joyous live,  
 And beggared POETS die!

**THE PRINTER'S "HOUR OF PEACE."**

A Parody.

Know ye the PRINTER'S hour of peace?  
 Know ye an hour more fraught with joy  
 Than ever felt the maid of Greece,  
 When kissed by Venus' amorous boy?

'Tis not when round the mazy CASE  
His nimble fingers kiss the types;  
Nor is it when, with lengthened face,  
The sturdy DEVIL'S TAIL he gripes.

'Tis not when news, of dreadful note,  
His columns all with MINION fill;  
'Tis not when brother printers quote  
The effusions of his stump-worn quill.

'Tis not when all his work is done,  
His glimmering fire he hovers near,  
And, heedless of the coming DUN,  
Grows merry o'er a pint of beer.

'Tis not when in Miss FANCY's glass  
Long advertisements meet his eye,  
And seem to whisper as they pass,  
"We'll grace your columns by and by."

Nor is it when with numerous NAMES  
His lengthened roll of vellum swells,  
As if 'twere touched by conjurer's wand  
Or grew by faries' magic spells.

No, reader, no, the Printer's hour,  
His hour of real sweet repose,  
Is not when by some magic power  
His list of patrons daily grows.

But ah, 'tis when stern winter, drear,  
Comes robed in snow, and rain, and vapour,  
He hears in whispers kind and dear,  
"We've come to PAY you for the PAPER."

STANZAS,

On seeing a lonely **PINE**, growing on a high hill, near the sea shore.

Thou lonely tree, how many storms have waged  
 With thy broad arms the battle-strife is vain!  
 What numerous blasts has thy huge trunk engaged,  
 Through autumn's frost, and winter's chilling rain:  
 How often hast thou braved the peking hail,  
 Through bleak November's cold and dreary reign!  
 How oft hast thou, unmoved by northern gale,  
 Or by the whirlwind, sweeping o'er the main,  
 Stood firm, above the mighty ruins of the plain.

Thou lonely tree, thy proud, majestic throne,  
 Hath never trembled, but with nature's too;  
 Thou stand'st undaunted, fearless, and alone,  
 High king of all that ever round thee grew:  
 Thy roots, engrafted deep in fertile earth,  
 Protect, and with thy age thy strength renew;  
 And, grateful to the soil that gave thee birth,  
 Thou giv'st its flowers, thy gratitude to show,  
 What heaven gives thee, the evening rain, and morn-  
 ing dew.

Like thee, thou towering monarch of the hill,  
 There rose in latter time a sturdy oak,  
 Whom not the wasting canker worm could kill,  
 Whom not the storms of faction ever shook:  
 Its roots were watered with the pilgrim's tears  
 When erst the savage's yell his slumbers broke;  
 Its trunk was strengthened by the hand of years,  
 And when the ivy dared its tendrils choke,  
 A chief of freedom frowned? it withered at his look.

This towering oak, **COLUMBIA** brave was thou;  
 Immortal **WASHINGTON**—O honoured name!



Immortal WASHINGTON, 'twas thou didst free;  
 And long defend it with thy sword of flame:  
 'Twas thou didst blight the choking ivy round,  
 And with prophetic voice pronounce its fame:  
 Thou saw'st it with the wreaths of glory crowned,  
 Thou saw'st it towering o'er the tyrant's shame!  
 And never may a tyrant's hand its weakest tendril  
 maim.

Thou mighty Oak, beneath thy peaceful shade  
 The war-worn veteran finds a sweet repose;  
 The soldier here his useless sword hath laid,  
 His musket rusting 'neath the full blown-rose:  
 The weary exile of the distant land  
 Finds in thy arms a refuge from his foes;  
 He lifts the cup of joy with fearless hand,  
 And as he drinks, forgetting all his woes,  
 His grateful soul with love to thee, MY COUNTRY, glows.

### THE WORD FAREWELL.

There is a word, one word alone,  
 (And on my ear it stole,) Whose sound can turn the heart to stone,  
 And paralyze the soul:

Yea, it can chill the warmest stream  
 That glides through youthful veins;  
 Can render life a wakeless dream,  
 And bind the tongue in chains.

Its startling name thou couldst not hear  
 Undaunted at the sound;  
 Thy youthful heart would sink with fear,  
 Thy knees would kiss the ground.

Then ask me not, sweet, charming maid,  
Its fearful name to tell,  
For O, it is the echo, dread,  
Of severed FRIENDSHIP's knell.

---

### TO THE BOSTON BARD.

Bard of the plaintive Lyre! in sorrow now  
Thy hours are passed, long weary hours of pain,  
For pale Consumption sits upon thy brow,  
Nor suffers Hope to promise health again.

And slowly now thou art wending on thy way.  
Weary and lonely to thy native home,  
To calmly wait thy wasting and decay,  
No more abroad in life's bright paths to roam.

But cheer thee now, for home and friends are nigh,  
Soon shall a mother's fond embrace be thine,  
How gently will she wipe thy tearful eye,  
And smooth the passage of thy life's decline.

Oh! 'tis the generous care that friends bestow  
On those they love, that makes life's close serene,  
That oft revives the heart oppress'd by wo,  
And gives support in many a trying scene.

And thou shalt soon the consolation feel,  
Of all a mother's fond untiring care,  
And Home—dear Home, shall numerous sweets re-  
veal,  
And make e'en hours of sickness pleasant there.

*Meeting of the Revolutionary Officers on the 4th of  
July, 1826.*

*And who are these?—A hoary few,  
The remnant of a race,  
Whom gold nor valor could subdue,  
When hope herself scarce solace knew,  
And lowered of Heaven the face!*

*What veteran forms are these, that Time,  
Like willows wild has bowed?  
The pillars of a fane, whose crime  
Was, purging slavery's filth and slime,  
From freedom's fabric proud.*

*What day is this?—that we should form  
A wreath so fresh and fair?  
A nation's born—The battle storm  
Before the light of freedom, warm,  
Departs—with want and care!*

*What claims have these? that we should gild,  
And deck the hall so gay?  
They had an oath!—The vow's fulfilled!  
Give love and wine: the blood they spilled  
FLOATS FREEDOM'S ARK TO-DAY!*

---

**THE FAIR OF NEWPORT.**

Talk not of Grecian form and face,  
And Roman pride and love;  
Behold, in Newport's fair, embrace  
The EAGLE and the DOVE.

In native gentleness of soul,  
They fan love's ardent flame;

Or, when war's thunders threat'ning roll,  
Urge youth to glorious fame.

Mild as the breeze of summer's morn,  
And pure as dews of May,  
With them the virtues all are born,  
That wake the minstrel's lay.

Still flourish in perennial spring,  
And life's primeval bloom;  
To man still added pleasures bring,  
And wreath the victor's tomb.

Farewell!—We part—but we shall meet,  
Full oft in days to be;  
Absence but renders love more sweet  
True friendship's always free.

---

#### THE POET'S "HOUR OF PEACE."

Know ye the poet's hour of peace,  
Know ye an hour more calm than even,  
When all his cares and sorrows cease,  
And he can raise his thoughts to heaven?

'Tis not when near the cheerful fire  
He sips the tide of Bacchus' vine,  
And bids his fingers kiss the lyre  
Till all its strains seem rapt, divine.

'Tis not when love his bosom warms,  
Or when that love is well repaid;  
'Tis not when pleasure spreads her charms,  
And lures him to a wanton's bed.

'Tis not when in sweet minstrelsy  
He sings to some enchanting fair,  
And breathes, unheard, the tell-tale sigh,  
Or lonely hums a fruitful prayer.

'Tis not when deeds of martial fame  
Rush on his soul, and bid him sing;  
'Tis not when flattery gilds his name,  
And stiles him a poetic king.

Nor is it when soft pity claims  
His noblest, sweetest meed of praise;  
Or charity his soul inflames  
Her deeds of love in verse to blaze.

No, reader, no—the poet's hour,  
His hour of REAL, sweet repose,  
Is not in fancy's blissful bower,  
Or where Elysian floweret grows;

But oh, 'tis in his garret high,  
When lost in meditation deep,  
He hears no bailiff's footsteps nigh,  
His creditors are all—ASLEEP.

---

TO MY FRIEND W. H. P. ESQ.

Oh, would my barque upon life's sea  
Her voyage had ne'er began;  
Unknowing human treachery,  
The thousand wiles of man!  
For I have found—though to thine ear  
This truth may give offence,  
That man to man must seem sincere,  
Yet false in self-defence.

There is no love, there is no truth  
Where interest holds no sway;  
Instinctively, in blooming youth,  
And manhood's cheerless day;  
Man proves from first to last, his aim  
Is grandeur, pleasure, pelf;  
To build upon a brother's shame  
A fortress for himself.

His purest thoughts partake of earth,  
Ere they to heaven ascend,  
And godly praise, and trifling mirth,  
Together often blend;  
"I will be just!"—poor frailty cries,  
And seals it with an oath;  
But strength before temptations flies,  
And resolution, both.

For, trace each action to its fount,  
If such a thing might be,  
And what would be the strict amount  
Of those from interest free?  
As few in number as the flowers  
On Afric's burning plain;  
Fewer than drops of summer showers,  
When numbered with the main.

---

**TO A MOUSE,**

Which took lodgings with the author in a publick house, near the Park,  
New-York.

Fly not, poor trembler, from my bed!  
Beside me safely rest;  
For here no murderous snare is spread,  
No foe may here molest.

Deem not thy fate as mine severe;  
Alas! thou dost not know  
The thorns that fill the desert drear,  
The breast of man below.

Oh, could'st thou see the pangs that rend  
The fibres of the heart!  
The kinsman's hate, the ingrate-friend,  
The depth of human art;

Thoud'st bless the hand thy form that framed,  
Although of CATS the prey;  
For man's unkindness oft hath shamed  
The foes, thy friends that slay.

Thy foes are known; man does not know,  
Though nurtured on his breast,  
The serpent that shall prove his foe,  
That to his heart is prest.

Poor trembler! fly not from my bed;  
Here's room enough for thee;  
My pillow but supports ONE head,  
From that 'twill soon be free.

Then range or rest, as suits thy mood,  
• Nay, pr'thee, do not start;  
• I know that thou would'st filch my food,  
But never GNAW my HEART!

---

**TO A FEMALE FRIEND.**

In the life of the indefatigable traveller, Mungo Park,  
it is asserted that he once became so exhausted on the  
burning Desert, that he sank on the sand, and aban-

doned himself to despair; however, glancing his eye around to take a last survey of the heavens and the trackless plain, he saw near him a small tuft of grass, fresh, and of diverse and beautiful hues! This pleasing sight restored his fortitude, and he proceeded on his toilsome journey over the vast and scorching Desert.

As joyed the fainting heart of PARK,  
'Neath Afric's scorching sky,  
When hope had fled life's fragile bark,  
And down he sank to die;  
As joyed his heart, when to his view  
The bright green tuft appeared,  
And bade the life-blood flow anew,  
Through channels shrunk and seared;

So thou, dear girl, to me arose,  
Amid this scene of wo:  
Forth from my heart the warm tide flows,  
And melts surrounding snow;  
Like PARK, my fortitude had fled,  
Like him I hope resigned;  
On the WORLD's waste I laid my head,  
Nor cast a look behind.

But thou, sweet floweret, fresh and bright,  
Bent o'er my desert breast  
All pure and lovely as the light  
Of bliss, among the blest!  
The fragrance of thy virtues gave  
New ardour to my soul;  
I fled the confines of the grave,  
And spurned despair's controul.

Oh, woman! wretched is the heart,  
To which, in sorrow's night,



Thy sunshine can no warmth impart,  
Afford no ray of light:  
Thank heaven! he lives not, could not live,  
So plunged in wo as this,  
To whom new life thou could'st not give,  
And add to earthly bliss.

---

*Oh, tell me not that wine will sooth!*

Oh, tell me not that WINE will sooth  
The heart depressed with wo;  
Oh, tell me not that WINE will smooth  
Grim Penury's haggard brow:  
For though its wave may beam as bright  
As evening's brilliant tear,  
It cannot gild misfortune's night,  
Or calm the sinner's fear.

Oh, tell me not that BEAUTY's smile,  
That sun of cloudless morn,  
Can black despair of wo beguile,  
Or blunt affliction's thorn:  
For though awhile its beams may play  
Where health and pleasure bloom,  
Disease will shroud its pleasing ray,  
It shines not in the tomb.

Oh, tell me not that FAME can give  
The cankered conscience peace;  
Oh, tell me not that FAME will live  
When hope and life shall cease:  
For though it points where honor bleeds,  
And bids the bosom burn,

Yet, as the lightning swift, recedes,  
When TIME hath grasped his urn.  
But tell me that RELIGION's ray—  
Can light the soul to heaven;  
Oh, tell me this can point the way  
To him on quicksands driven,  
And I'll believe: for well I know  
That this alone can save  
That this can chase the clouds of wo,  
And gild the PEASANT's grave.

---

## TO THE BOSTON BARD.

"Silver and gold have I none, but such as I have give I thee."

'Tis not that aught I offer can assuage  
Thy pungent pains, or curb the fever's rage  
That revels through thy veins, with burning smart,  
Or drives the life-blood shivering to thy heart:  
'Tis not that I can stay thy weary head,  
Or add one solace to thy lowly bed,  
Nor the poor pittance that thy wants demand  
Extend with glowing heart, and eager hand;  
Not ev'n "the widow's mite" to soothe thy cares;  
Wilt thou accept alone her tears and prayers?  
By sorrow taught to sympathize with thee,  
Scarce less in suffering, than in poverty,  
Sweet Bard! I mourn that round thy bed of death  
Strangers alone shall watch the parting breath;  
Oh! that a mother's hand could interpose  
The shield of comfort o'er thy latest woes!  
And give thy failing vision to descry  
An Angel's kindness kindled in her eye;  
That tender hand should weave a potent charm  
To bind the brow of death, and half his pains disarm.

Yet all in vain! the point where ends the strife,  
And issues out the shining stream of life,  
Is canopied with clouds, and curtain'd round,  
Nor human eye has pierced the dark profound;  
No human hand returns to trace the chart,  
Or point the path-way to the grieving heart;  
No single voice, of all that went before,  
Breathes a lone whisper of that untold shore;  
As dark the pass, as deep the mystery,  
As though thyself were but the first to die!  
Alas! where terrors all unknown assail,  
What power can aid thee, or what skill avail?  
All hail! the lamp of revelation gleams  
With living lustre, and resplendent beams,  
Above, around, beyond its glory throws  
A genuine brightness, and a long repose!  
Oh, may its rays, transfused by heavenly art,  
Convince, enlighten, form anew thy heart,  
Mould thee in Christ's fair image—full confess  
Son of the Highest, hasting to be blest!  
The dark vale pass'd, ope wide the pearly gates,  
Where God's own presence untold bliss creates,  
Full as that bliss had been for thee alone,  
And lasting as the pillars of His throne!  
Strike the high harp, the gift of matchless grace,  
And thus begin thy song of ceaseless praise;  
But pause, my soul—thou mayest no further soar,  
The Bard can gain, and thou canst ask no more!

---

**SONG.**

Blue eyed maid of Erin.

O who is she,  
That smiles on me,

So soft, so kind, endearing,  
 Who can it be,  
 So artless free,  
 To my rapt vision nearing;  
 With eyes so bright,  
 And steps so light,  
 And looks so sweetly cheering?  
 O 'tis the maid  
 In truth arrayed,  
 Sweet blue eyed MAID OF ERIN.

O beauteous lass,  
 Whom none surpass,  
 My heart from sorrow clearing,  
 I dash my glass,  
 And haste to mass,  
 To hail thy glad appearing;  
 Thy smiles so sweet,  
 Thy looks so neat,  
 Than rosy wine are cheering:  
 Then be thy breast  
 My lasting rest,  
 SWEET BLUE EYED MAID OF ERIN.

—◆—

*Written on the leaf of a Lady's Bible.*

When thy beauty shall fade, as 'tis certain it must,  
 And time from thy cheek steal the bloom which it gave,  
 When the cold hand of death shall consign thee to dust,  
 And the wild flower bloom on the clod of thy grave;

If thy hopes have been placed on these pages of truth,  
 And virtue with beauty together thou'st blended,  
 If thou'st trusted in God in the days of thy youth,  
 And the hand of relief to the wretched extended;

Then though fortune should frown and weak friendship  
betray,  
And thy bark become wrecked on mortality's shore,  
Yet this book, if its truths thou shalt ever obey,  
Shall guide thee to regions where pain is no more.

---

TO "ALCANDER."

"Say, wilt thou not resign thy lyre,  
Whose thrilling chords ne'er waked in vain."

No: I would not resign my lyre  
For India's wealthiest mine;  
I would not part with poesy's fire  
For gold though deemed divine.

I would not change my bosom throes  
To win a monarch's smile;  
I would not change dear poesy's woes  
To gain an emerald isle.

"ALCANDER" know, there is a bliss  
E'en in a poet's tear;  
There is a charm in friendship's kiss  
Than gold more truly dear.

And all the pleasures wealth and power  
Can to the soul impart,  
Is cold and lifeless to the fire  
That warms a feeling heart.

Then come my harp, for oh, too long  
In slumber hast thou lain;  
My soul is heavy, wake thy song,  
And cheer me yet again.

Thou hast ONE friend who deigns to hear  
Thy simple "wood notes wild;"  
Then, fearless, wake thy strain so dear,  
And sooth "misfortune's child."

Believe not thou that VIRTUE's smile  
Will ne'er reward thy strain;  
Believe not thou that all thy toil  
Is fruitless care and pain.

For now around thy chords is 'twined  
A wreath by virtue wove;  
A chaplet fair, of flowers refined,  
Wreathed by the hand of love.

And though rude storms may dare invade  
To blight the budding flowers,  
Despair not thou, thy worth is weighed  
By one who feels thy powers.

Then, O my lyre, we must not part  
While I have life and breath;  
For I will press thee to my heart,  
Yea, grasp thee firm in DEATH.

---

#### DOGS OF ST. BERNARD.

A German Almanack, recently published contains some particulars concerning the dog named BARRY one of the predecessors of those who lately perished in the snows of the great St. Bernard. The following interesting story is extracted from the abovementioned almanack.

"This sagacious animal once found a child in a frozen state, between the bridge of Dronaz and the ice-house of Balsora; he immediately began to lick him, and having succeeded in restoring animation, by means of his caresses he induced the child to lay himself across his body. In this way, holding the poor little creature on by his garments, he carried him in safety to the hospital. When old age deprived him of strength, the prior of the convent pensioned him at Berne, by way of reward. He is now dead, and his skin stuffed and deposited in the museum of that town. The little phial, in which he carried a reviving liquor, for the distressed travellers whom he found among the mountains, is still suspended from his neck."

Deep falls the snow on Bernard's height,  
And Dronaz's bridge is hoar;  
No cottage taper cheers the sight,  
No convent's open door.

No human foot may dare to trace  
Balsora's plains so white;  
Not valor's self, with fearless face,  
On Dronaz treads to-night.

The convent-house is far away,  
No friendly monk is nigh;  
The pilgrim kneels him down to pray,  
To pray, alas! and die.

For on St. Bernard's wintry brow  
No sunbeams ever play;  
Nor 'mid its wildering tracks of snow  
Dare monk or friar stray.

And now amid the cheerless gloom  
There roams a truant boy;  
The tints of health his cheeks illume,  
His eye is bright with joy.

Unconscious he of all the woes  
A parent's bosom swell;  
He hails Balsora's gathered snows,  
And sighs to say, farewell.

But now that flush of joy has fled,  
His eye no more is bright,  
For lo, in vain he seeks the shed  
He left at morning light.

The tears that flow from either eye  
Are at their fountain froze;  
'Till chilled and numbed, he sinks to die,  
Embosomed in the snows.

To die? ah no, for BARRY lives  
The urchin's life to save;  
His breath the dying boy revives,  
And snatches from the grave.

Nor yet enough his form to grasp  
From an untimely tomb,  
His back he bids the wanderer clasp,  
And bears him safely home.

And, BARRY, what was thy reward  
For all this care and toil?  
'Twas more than falls to every bard,  
"The SUNSHINE OF A SMILE."

Yet, like the bard, when age drew near,  
And shortened fast thy breath,



They gave thee dainties, rich and dear,  
And hurried thee to death.

---

**THE ESCAPE.**

This poem is founded on the following fact: "An Irish seaman, impressed on board an English national ship, made his escape in the night, while lying off New York, by jumping into the sea, and swimming to land. The night was dark and tempestuous, and at one time he was on the verge of despair; but the thoughts of liberty and peace, at once cheered his sinking heart, and nerved his wearied arm, to the accomplishment of his arduous struggle."

The sun has set on FREEDOM's shore,  
And cloud-wove shadows veil the moon,  
The foam-wreathed billows fearful roar,  
For 'tis of night the awful noon.

But ah, what veil on earth may shroud  
The FREE, the INDEPENDENT SOUL?  
Not ocean surges, murmuring loud,  
Or midnight tempests when they howl.

Wake, FREEDOM, wake! lo, 'mid the foam,  
Imploring aid, appears thy child;  
For thee he seeks, for thy blest home  
He braves the flood and whirlwind wild.

Oh, stretch thine arm! he sinks, he dies!  
"Nay, nay, he cannot, SHALL NOT die:  
"For lo, I bid his spirit rise,  
"And nerve his arm for LIBERTY."

Brave son of ERIN, calm thy fears,  
For thou art safe on freedom's shore;  
Brave son of ERIN, dry thy tears,  
No tyrant dare distress thee more.

Here may'st thou range our valleys, free,  
Or climb the mountain's dizzy steep;  
Here tune thy harp to minstrelsy,  
Or for thy hapless country weep.

Yes, hero brave, here shalt thou find  
A genial soil, to misery dear;  
A soil that never yet enshrined  
A tyrant's corse, or captive's tear.

Then, son of ERIN's hapless isle,  
Forbid thy feet e'er more to roam;  
Lo, freedom hails thee with a smile,  
And bids thee welcome, welcome home.

---

#### DUELLIST'S GRAVE.

Who sleeps beneath this lonely mound,  
Whose ashes here repose?  
I see the drops of blood around,  
Which deeper tinge the rose.

Is it a hero sleeps beneath,  
Some chief of spotless fame?  
The flowers are withered on the heath,  
No marble speaks his name.

It cannot be RELIGION's child,  
That sleeps forgotten here;  
For on these flowers, so wan and wild,  
Is seen no friendly tear.

It cannot be the lover's form;  
That lies so dark and low:  
I hear no requiem but the storm,  
No piercing sound of woe.

The wretch, whose dust is here enshrined,  
Possessed a coward heart:  
No wreath by beauty's hand entwined,  
Did fame to him impart.

Compassion wept not o'er his grave;  
Religion did not mourn;  
He lived, of honor FALSE, the slave,  
He died, his COUNTRY'S SCORN.

---

#### SLANDERER'S GRAVE.

Lo, here, where loathsome toads on poison feed,  
Where reptiles with corruption dwell,  
And where, uncultured, thrives each deadly weed,  
Here sleeps the SLANDERER, child of hell.

No tears of friendship fall upon the grave  
That screens from human view his dust;  
For there e'en maddening furies wildly rave,  
And loud pronounce his name accurst.

Yes, o'er his briar-grown grave the hooting owl  
Oft rends the air with frightful scream,  
And warns mankind that here fell monsters prowl,  
That here hell's lurid lightnings gleam.

Here may the wolf and tiger find a home,  
And panthers to a covert fly;  
For no HUMAN foot is seen to roam,  
And MERCY passes heedless by.

For him no bard shall swell the song of praise,  
 Or wake his harp to minstrelsy;  
 But, o'er his grave, shall fiends the gray stone raise,  
 And this his epitaph shall be:

Lo, here, where loathsome toads on poison feed,  
 Where reptiles with corruption dwell,  
 And where, uncultured, thrives each deadly weed,  
 Here sleeps the SLANDERER, child of hell.

---

#### INTEMPERANCE.

"At the last, it biteth like a serpent, and stingeth like an adder."

Oh, take the maddening bowl away;  
 Remove the poisonous cup!  
 My soul is sick, its burning ray  
 Hath drunk my spirit up:  
 Take, take it from my loathing lip,  
 Ere madness fires my brain;  
 Take, take it hence, nor let me sip  
 Its liquid death again.

Oh, dash it on the thirsty earth,  
 For I will drink no more;  
 It cannot cheer the heart with mirth  
 That grief hath wounded sore;  
 For serpents wreath its sparkling brim,  
 And adders lurk below;  
 It hath no soothing charm for him  
 Who sinks oppressed with wo.

Say not, "Behold its ruddy hue,  
 "Oh, press it to thy lips!"  
 For 'tis more deadly than the dew  
 That from the Upas drips,

It is more poisonous than the stream  
Which deadly nightshade loves;  
Its joys are transient as the beam  
That lights its ruddy waves.

Say not, "It hath a powerful spell  
"To sooth the soul of care;"  
Say not, "It calms the bosom's swell,  
"And drives away despair!"  
Art thou its votary? ask thy soul,  
Thy soul in misery deep,  
Yea, ask thy CONSCIENCE, if the bowl  
Can give ETERNAL SLEEP!

Then, hence! away, thou deadly foe,  
I scorn thy base control,  
Away, away! I fear thy blow,  
Thou PALSY OF THE SOUL!  
Henceforth, I drink no more of thee,  
Thou bane of Adam's race,  
But to a heavenly fountain flee,  
And drink the DEWS OF GRACE.

---

**"AULD BILLY," THE HERMIT.**

There resides in Hanover, (N. H.) an aged Scotchman, who had led a life of celibacy, and lives in a retired situation, a short distance from the town. He is known by the appellation of "Auld Billy," or, "The Hermit." I remember to have visited him, and found him reading the Bible. He appeared to be truly pious.

I saw thee, hermit, and did mark the cell;  
I saw thy locks white with the frost of years,

And the long hair that from thine eyes did fall,  
Proclaimed short tarry in this vale of tears.

Oft had I heard, that 'neath yon little hill  
There dwelt, in lonely cot, an aged man;  
Who lived on charity, and sipped the rill,  
That gently murmuring near his dwelling ran.

I wondered much how thou could'st bear thy lot  
With seeming firmness, and without a sigh:  
To live in solitude, unknown, forgot,  
I deemed the lowest depth of misery.

'Twas sabbath eve when to thy hut I came;  
The moon-beams slept upon the babbling rill,  
And thy dim taper, with a feeble flame,  
Could just be seen mid-way the flowery hill.

There was a bird upon the lonely tree  
That spreads its broad arms o'er thy peaceful cell,  
And it did chant such plaintive melody,  
No earthly muse its wild notes might excel.

I entered; all was silent as the grave,  
And yet no tear upon thy cheek was seen,  
Nor at thy fate didst thou with sorrow rave,  
Or even wish that it had different been.

Thine eye was bright, and o'er thy furrowed cheek  
One lingering tint of youthful beauty stole:  
Thy looks were mild, compassionate and meek,  
And resignation reigned throughout the whole.

I gazed, I saw the powerful, heavenly charm,  
That taught thee to despise this grovelling world;  
That would have freed thy spirit from alarm,  
Had all around thee been in ruin hurled.

This charm was found in that eternal scroll  
Which through the lapse of countless years has  
stood

A light to cheer the humble christian's soul,  
And lead it to the bosom of its God.

No line was there but thy inquiring eye  
Had traced, and tracing found its meaning true;  
No word hadst thou unheedingly passed by,  
Each syllable had met thy strict review.

Unlike the wretch, who strives to disbelieve  
And blot the records inspiration wrote;  
Who, all its plainest truths would silent leave,  
And all its darkest to his purpose quote.

Thy soul had weighed the all-important text,  
And weighing, found it merciful and just;  
And though in earlier day it seemed perplexed,  
Inspired by heaven, in heaven thou now could'st trust.

I left thee speechless, save a half farewell,  
For on thy brow I marked a frown severe,  
That seemed to say, in more than words might tell,  
" 'Tis holy eve, and thou unwelcome here."

Thanks to thee, hermit! much to thee I owe;  
That frown to me this lesson left severe;  
" Those lips from which heaven's praises seldom  
flow,  
" Should not disturb the prayers of hearts sincere."

---

**EPIGRAM.**

Said a rattle-brained student to a plain Irish cook,  
" That dish containing CALF's head, is unclean;"

Says Paddy, "Arrah, dear honey, withdraw your  
rebuke,

" 'Tis so bright that in it your FACE may be seen."

---

**MORTALITY.**

Oh, it is painful to the feeling mind  
To mark the wretched wreck of human fame;  
To view the lifeless form so dark enshrined,  
Returning to the dust from whence it came.

Look at that form, time was when grace and ease,  
And majesty, its motions all possessed;  
Behold it now, a victim of disease,  
The pulse slow beating, and the throbbing breast.

Look at that eye, mortal, it was as bright  
As that which gazes heedless on it now:  
How has its lustre fled! eclipsed in night!  
Languid and beamless, 'neath the sullen brow.

Look at that cheek, yon glorious orb of heaven  
At morning's dawn, beheld its healthy hue;  
E'en like the leaf, by autumn's tempests driven,  
That glow has fled forever from thy view.

Look at those lips, time was when they could pour  
The honied strains of harmony divine;  
Whose eloquence could crush a Nero's power,  
Or rouse the soul to ecstasy sublime.

Behold them now, convulsive, bloodless, cold,  
The last, the half-articulated sound  
Expiring e'er the parting wish is told,  
E'er it hath blessed the weeping friends around.



Mortal, behold this gloomy picture of decay,  
This shattered wreck of beauty, manhood, worth;  
Behold this crumbling monument of clay,  
This cold, this quivering, palsied clod of earth.

Behold, and mark it well, for thou shalt be,  
E'en like what thou mayest now with sorrow view:  
Thy robe is not of immortality,  
It is the spider's web, surcharged with dew.

And dost thou weep at portraiture like this?  
Does thy affrighted spirit shun the sight?  
'Tis but the presage of approaching bliss,  
The gloomy entrance to the realms of light.

If there was not another world on high,  
If there was not a mansion for the blest,  
Then, mortal, mightest thou weep and fear to die,  
And trembling, view thy narrow house of rest.

But thou dost know, thy conscience tells thee plain,  
That though the worm upon thy flesh may prey,  
Yet, in the image of its God, again  
Thy form shall rise, freed from its robe of clay.

O then, what time the king of terrors, dread,  
Shall shew his ebbing sand and errless dart,  
Rejoice, by him thy blessed Saviour bled,  
His fated arrow pierced thy Saviour's heart.

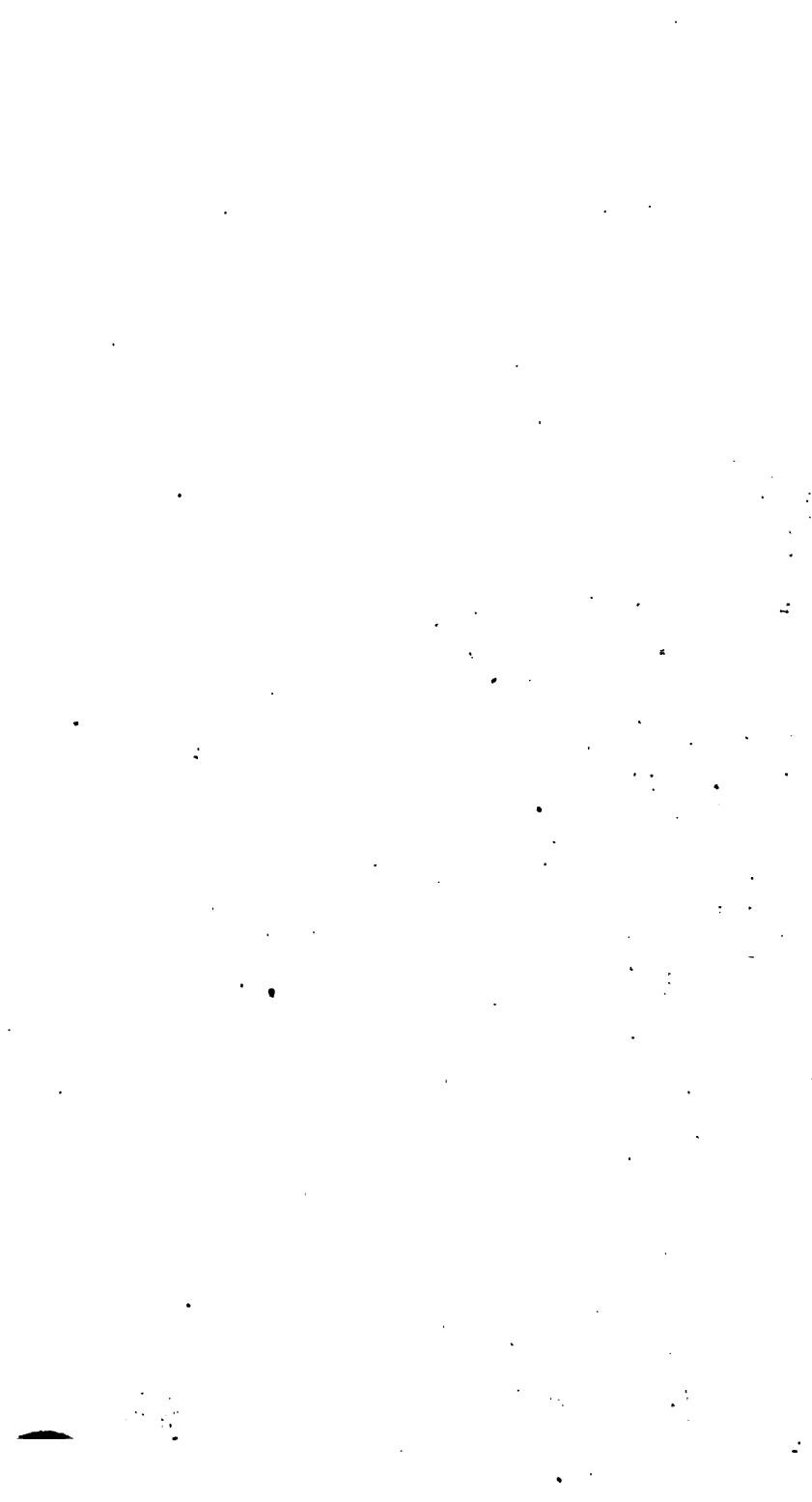
He rose, thy heavenly king in triumph rose,  
And burst the gloomy prison of the grave;  
Rejoice, he all thy earthly frailties knows  
And from corruption shall thy spirit save.

## CONCLUSION.

Though ne'er to me the SACRED NINE were known,  
I have a muse, thank heaven! I call my own;  
I caught her young, unfledged was either wing,  
Nor knew she how to soar, or how to sing;  
But soon, with usage kind, she learnt to fly,  
And sought acquaintance with her friends on high;  
'Till, luckless hour! and placed to pride's account,  
She even soared midway Parnassus' mount;  
But, growing weary of her useless flight,  
And sure of such a task full well she might,  
She paused awhile, her pinions tired, to rest,  
And gaze on fields that ne'er her foot had prest;  
When, lo! behind a gristly fiend arose,  
Black as the gates that Pluto's cavern close;  
The space between his jutting nose and chin  
Appeared an emblem of the gulf of sin;  
His cheeks, as parchment pale, and eyes of lead,  
Might well affright the monarch of the dead.  
By slow degrees the demon stole along,  
Just as my muse had well begun her song,  
And, stretching forth his skinny hand, unseen,  
He grasped her wings his fingers strong between:  
"Now," cried the fiend, "vain fool, I hold thee fast,  
Long have I sought thee, thou art mine at last!  
I'll crush thy pride, for both thy wings I'll clip,  
And teach thee long to dread my scorpion whip;  
My touch shall freeze the life-stream of thy heart,  
Thine eyes with horror from their sockets start;  
Then will I hurl thee headlong back to earth,  
Fit subject there for ridicule and mirth.  
But first, 'tis meet e'er yet from me you go,  
That you my name and residence should know;  
Then turn thine eyes, behold yon moss-robed cave ;

Lo, there I dwell, unfriended genius' grave!  
My name, and let it long thy beacon be,  
My name is grim, cadaverous POVERTY.  
He said, then straight his keen-edged scissors drew,  
And clipt her pinions "saturate with dew;"  
Loosed his fell grasp, and with terrific frown,  
To earth the monster hurled her headlong down.  
Perchance, some critic sour will say, 'twas just,  
Such folly well deserved of fate the worst;  
For 'twas as vain as if the owl should rise,  
To gaze upon the sun, with hood-winked eyes.  
But, critic sour, if any such there be,  
Thou canst not wish HER worse than she does THEE.

Friends of my song! ye candid, feeling few,  
My muse, for sympathy, looks up to you;  
And though she cannot "build the polished rhyme,"  
Or sing as sweet as bards of ancient time;  
Though at her birth no star propitious shone,  
No god inspired, or "marked her for his own;"  
Yet, haply, from some minstrel's bower she stole  
A half-strung lyre, which long her pensive soul  
In soothing, though unmeasured strains, has cheered,  
Whene'er grim want or misery appeared:  
And well I know your candor will excuse  
The numerous blunders of my earth born muse;  
Your cloak of charity's so long and wide,  
That 'twill, at least, one half my errors hide;  
And what remains may serve as nauseous food  
To surfeit all that criticising brood,  
Who, ape-like, make their noble selves the cause  
Of self-esteem, and pay it in—APPLAUSE.



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